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Volume CCLII No. 3272

LONDON, February 16, 1963

THE SPHERE

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THE QUEEN IN WAITANGI

The New Zealand Prime Minister, Mr. Holyoake, presents members of his Cabinet to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, shortly after the arrival of the Royal couple at Waitangi, in North Island. The Queen chose to begin her tour of New Zealand at Waitangi where she attended the 123rd anniversary of the signing there in 1840 of the treaty whereby a number of leading Maori chieftains acknowledged to Captain William Hobson, R.N., their allegiance to Queen Victoria. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh received the traditional Maori welcome. From Waitangi, they sailed in the Royal Yacht *Britannia* to Auckland. There, among other events, they saw New Zealand's first Royal Regatta and attended a special performance of the first opera to be written, composed and staged wholly in New Zealand. Huge crowds of cheering people welcomed the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh wherever they went in a busy and largely informal programme. The Royal couple leave for Australia on February 17 (See also pp. 238 to 245, which include an article on Australia by Field-Marshal Viscount Slim)

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During a demonstration at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Bedford, a Westland Wasp helicopter lands on a rolling platform which simulates conditions under which a helicopter might land on board a ship in a lively sea. The platform, installed for test purposes at the RAE, can roll up to 15 degrees. It is used for investigating the conditions in which a helicopter can land or topple over and for testing the strength of undercarriages. The Westland Wasp is a five-seat helicopter designed for the Royal Navy. It will be carried by Leander class frigates, the first two or three of which are due to be completed this year

INVESTIGATING THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH A HELICOPTER CAN LAND ON A ROLLING SHIP

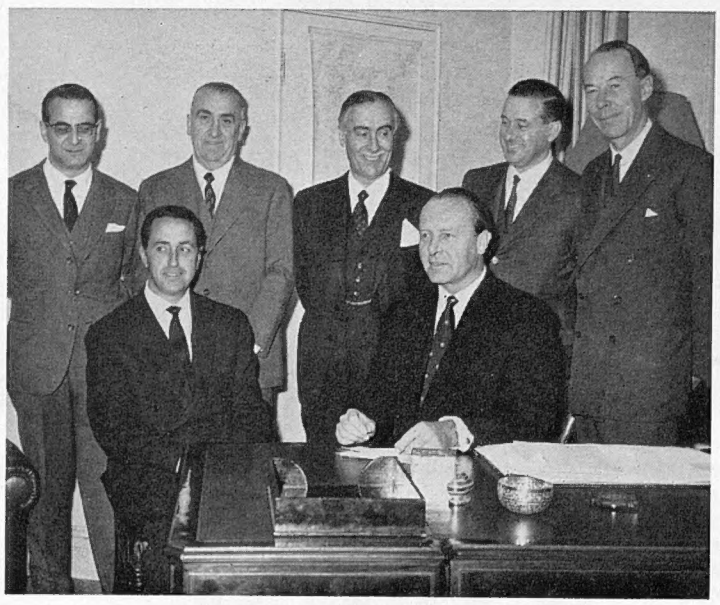
Below: Dr. Banda (right), Prime Minister of Nyasaland, sits with Mr. Chipembere, a member of his Cabinet, at the celebrations in Blantyre for the attainment of self-government for Nyasaland. This marks the last stage before full independence. In his speech after being sworn in, Nyasaland's first Prime Minister said he hoped Northern and Southern Rhodesia would soon reach the same status as his country. In London last week Mr. Butler gave little information to Parliament in answering questions about his plans for the future of the Rhodesias

CELEBRATING THE CONSTITUTIONAL PROGRESS OF NYASALAND

GHANA-TOGO BORDER REOPENED

Far right: In an opening ceremony on the Ghanaian side of the Ghana-Togo frontier, M. Antoine Meatchi, Togo's Finance Minister (left) and Mr. Goka, Finance Minister of Ghana, toast the new agreement between the two countries under which movement of people and goods across the frontier has been resumed. Under the terms of the recent agreement there are almost no restrictions on the movement of people, live animals (except cattle) and all kinds of agricultural produce

Below right: At the Board of Trade in London are Senor Don Lopez Bravo (seated left), the Spanish Minister for Industry, and Mr. Frederick Erroll, President of the Board of Trade. Standing behind are members of the Spanish trade delegation, with the Spanish Ambassador, the Marques de Santa Cruz (centre), and Mr. Alan Green (right), Minister of State, Board of Trade. On his arrival last week, the Spanish Minister for Industry said that the Common Market breakdown would figure in the talks. His aim, he said, was to try to increase British investment in Spain as well as seeking more technical assistance



ANGLO-SPANISH TRADE TALKS IN LONDON

Far right: Viscount Davidson (right), President of the Hispanic Council, welcomes Senor Juan Bosch, President-elect of the Dominican Republic, to luncheon at Canning House, London. Centre is Sir John Walker, Director-General of the Council

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC LEADER IN BRITAIN

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Sir Winston Churchill arrives at the Savoy Hotel in London for a dinner of the Other Club. He founded the Other Club with F. E. Smith (later Lord Birkenhead) in 1911 as a breakaway from the Club, the political dining club of the time. Members of the Other Club usually dine together once a month during Parliamentary sessions

THE FOUNDER OF THE OTHER CLUB ARRIVES TO DINE

Below: Lord Samuel, the Liberal Elder Statesman, and former Leader of the Liberal Party, died in London on February 6 aged 92. In 1905 he was appointed Under-Secretary, Home Office, at the same time as Sir Winston Churchill was given his first ministerial post. Portfolios held at various times later by Samuel included the Home Office (twice), the Post Office and the Local Government Board. He was the first British High Commissioner in Palestine from 1920-25. In his later life his writings won him an international reputation as a politician-philosopher. He was created a viscount in 1937

LORD SAMUEL

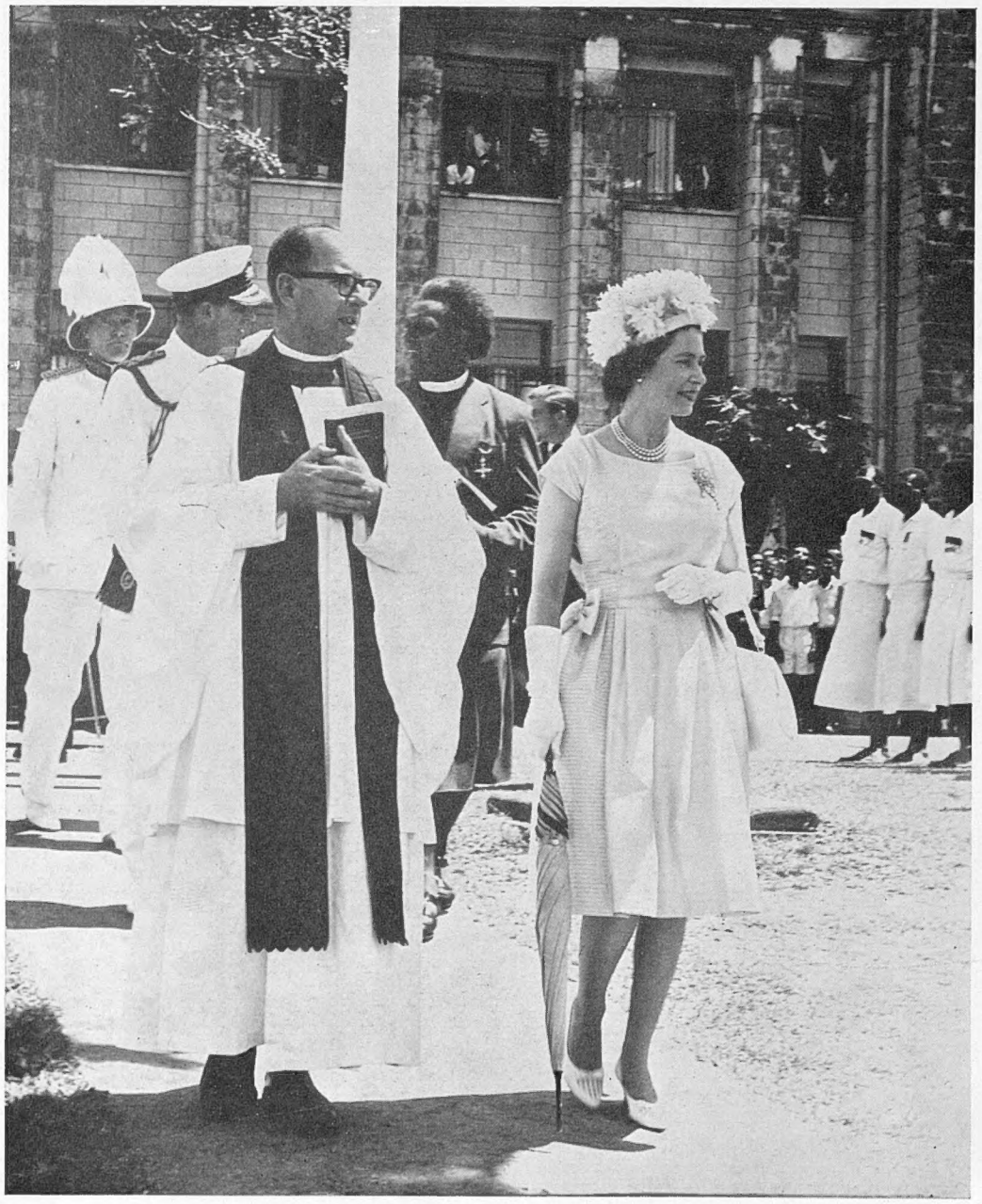
Right: Mr. George Brown and Mr. Harold Wilson leave their respective homes for the House of Commons on the day of the announcement of the result of the first ballot by members of the Parliamentary Labour Party for a new leader. This was held on Thursday of last week. The result was Mr. Wilson 115, Mr. George Brown 88, and Mr. James Callaghan 41. A total of 249 Labour M.P.s were entitled to vote: five did not. As the lowest candidate, Mr. Callaghan dropped out, leaving the second ballot as a straight fight between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Brown. The result of this ballot was to be announced Thursday, Feb. 14

CONTESTANTS FOR THE LABOUR PARTY LEADERSHIP—MR. GEORGE BROWN (LEFT) AND MR. HAROLD WILSON

The Queen walks along the jetty at Waitangi, on landing from the Royal yacht *Britannia* at the start of her tour of New Zealand. She is accompanied by the Governor-General, Sir Bernard Fergusson. Behind are the Duke of Edinburgh and Lady Fergusson

THE QUEEN ON TOUR

Photographs from Fiji and New Zealand



En route for New Zealand—in Suva, Fiji, the Queen is with the Rev. H. W. Figgess, Rector of Suva. **Right:** At Lautoka, she shakes hands with a local leader

Her Majesty talks to Mr. Walter Nash, Leader of the Opposition in New Zealand, at the welcoming reception at Waitangi. With her is Mr. Holyoake, the New Zealand Prime Minister. **Below:** Surrounded by small craft, the Royal Yacht *Britannia* moves down Rangitoto channel at the entrance to Auckland Harbour *(Photograph by Aerofilms)*

JOHN CONNELL

THE CHALLENGE IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA

Trouble blew up early this month in the Far East, and in a region for which Britain, not the United States, retains a responsibility which is far from merely nominal. In part it was (and is) a sequel to and an expansion of the rebellion in Brunei last December, which the local military Commander was permitted to say—a little exuberantly—had been crushed. This is, however, by no means the kind of bush-fire which can be easily and swiftly extinguished, once it has taken a hold. There can be little doubt that this has taken a firm hold; and there is likely to be a good deal more trouble.

Complacency, of which there are too many indications in Whitehall, combined with the now pathetically habitual ignorance and irresponsibility of large sections of Fleet Street, cannot be described as a helpful or constructive attitude in face of this new and serious challenge. For myself I know that, when *The Times* argues (as it did last week) that " too much should not be made of the instability which all this political agitation has revealed " and describes it as neither surprising nor politically dangerous, I reach for my sou'wester, jam it firmly on my head, and await rough weather.

The first hint of renewed trouble came with the announcement that the 51st Infantry Brigade Group, of the Strategic Reserve, had been placed on 72 hours' notice to move. The original warning order was issued, I might add, close on three weeks ago; and for reasons to which I shall refer later has not yet been implemented. Yet it was clear enough then, at the end of January, that the Brunei rebellion had by no means been crushed, that it was in receipt of quite large-scale external assistance, and that it could develop into a considerable threat to the stability and security of the whole region.

Brunei, a British dependency to whose possession both Indonesia and the Republic of the Philippines lay claim, and whose oil resources are of no small importance, is of course a symptom only of a deep-seated and dangerous malady. The fundamental causes of that malady are—sometimes in collusion and sometimes in collision—the inevitable and grimly familiar pair: Communist expansionism, and steadily soaring nationalist aspirations. This is, in obvious geographical terms, a Chinese sphere of potential control; but Russian influence—in Indonesia at any rate—is quite strong at present. Indonesia's cheap " victory " over the Dutch in what I suppose we must now learn to call West Irian has stimulated territorial ambitions in the power-lusting little clique that rules in Jakarta; if the Dutch could (with the assistance of the U.N. and the compliance of the U.S.A.) be ousted so easily, why should not the same pressure be applied, with equal success, to the far less resolute British?

This is the kind of situation which thoroughly suits the Communist book. Malaya and Singapore are without doubt their long-term targets; but there are plenty of agreeable pickings to be had on the way. It is also essential from the Communist viewpoint, to break up before its birth the projected new federation of Malaysia, embracing Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak, Brunei and North Borneo.

It is in fact about the federation that this phase of the battle is being fought. No sector should be considered in isolation from any other. It is painful but appropriate to recall that exactly 21 years ago the whole elaborate and costly colonial structure of South-East Asia was collapsing under the first, fierce impetus of the Japanese onslaught. In my view the situation at present is no less dangerous than it was in 1942. Even that enigmatic figure, U Thant, has felt it necessary to describe it as " grave."

On the night of February 2, the security authorities in Singapore struck with vigour and precision at one vital sector of the widely spread Communist conspiracy in South-East Asia. Some 111 " United Front " Communists and sympathisers in the city and on the island were arrested and bundled off to prison. It was probably the biggest and certainly the most important operation of its kind since the end of the Malayan emergency. Even so it is calculated that about 18 badly wanted men managed to evade capture, including four leading Party organisers.

The move was ordered by a special meeting—held, not in Singapore, but in Kuala Lumpur, the capital of Malaya—of the Internal Security Council, a powerful body on which Britain, Malaya and Singapore are all represented. A statement issued by the Council on the morning after the arrests openly accused not only the " United Front " organisations but the Barisan Socialist opposition party in Singapore of trying to sabotage the execution of the Federation of Malaysia and of openly supporting the first revolt in Brunei in December.

The Council took its decision to make the arrests at once, and in addition to prevent further publication of certain pro-Communist magazines and periodicals in Singapore, in order to make it possible for the Federation of Malaysia to come into being in a little over six months' time without violence or bloodshed. This—if it comes off—will be the culmination of one of Tunku Abdul Rahman's deepest-held and most durable aspirations. The Malayan Prime Minister is perhaps the staunchest and most resolute anti-communist leader in the whole of Asia; but it is doubtful whether his colleague in Singapore, Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, shares to the full the Tunku's single-minded devotion.

Nevertheless, it is clear that the Singapore Prime Minister has been brought, by the sheer pressure of facts, to realise how near and how serious is the Communist menace now—a tardy but valuable repentance. For example one of the men arrested early this month, Lim Chin Siong, is a young Chinese agitator who was in detention from 1957 to 1959, while the British ruled Singapore. He was released when Lee Kuan Yew became Prime Minister; but, as the Internal Security Council's statement asserted, he was in December and again in January in close contact with Sheikh Azahari, the political leader of the Brunei Revolt, and was indeed the principal liaison agent between the Barisan Socialists in Singapore, the Indonesian Government and Sheikh Azahari.

The long-term strategic objective being pursued by President Sukarno of Indonesia is now quite clear; but what are his tactical aims? I would think that he has little or no intention of launching a full-scale war along the frontiers which divide West Irian from Brunei, Sarawak and North Borneo; but I am convinced that he will keep up and extend guerrilla operations there, which could be of far more than mere nuisance value. This, I know, is the view of British Far East H.Q. in Singapore, and led to their urgent request that the 51st Infantry Brigade Group be put on the alert. However, here in the United Kingdom the Ministry of Defence has played down the guerrilla threat and has—by a delaying process rather than by an outright " no "—prevented (at least until the date of my writing this article) the despatch of the Brigade.

It is an odd situation, which *The Times*' Defence Correspondent tactlessly but accurately described as a tug-of-war between London and Singapore. Far East Land Forces and the Supreme Commander's H.Q. in the area both have taken the view that the reinforcements which the Brigade (it contains, by-the-by, four Gurkha battalions) can supply are urgently needed, that the effort to contain guerrillas in the jungle is always a drain on manpower, and if and when this is combined with a tricky internal security situation in Singapore and Malaya, their resources will be sorely stretched.

Superficially the Ministry of Defence's reaction is complacent to the point of myopia; but I myself suspect that this attitude may be a not very effective cover for a deep disquiet about the available strength of the Strategic Reserve as a whole—with pressure to increase our manpower commitments in N.W. Europe, and with unpleasant contingencies looming in Aden and in East and Central Africa. If 51 Brigade went off to Brunei it would almost certainly not be a short-term assignment; and in its absence the Chiefs of Staff would be left, possibly for several months, with a strategic reserve effective on paper only—to such a grim pass have years of muddled thinking on defence led us.

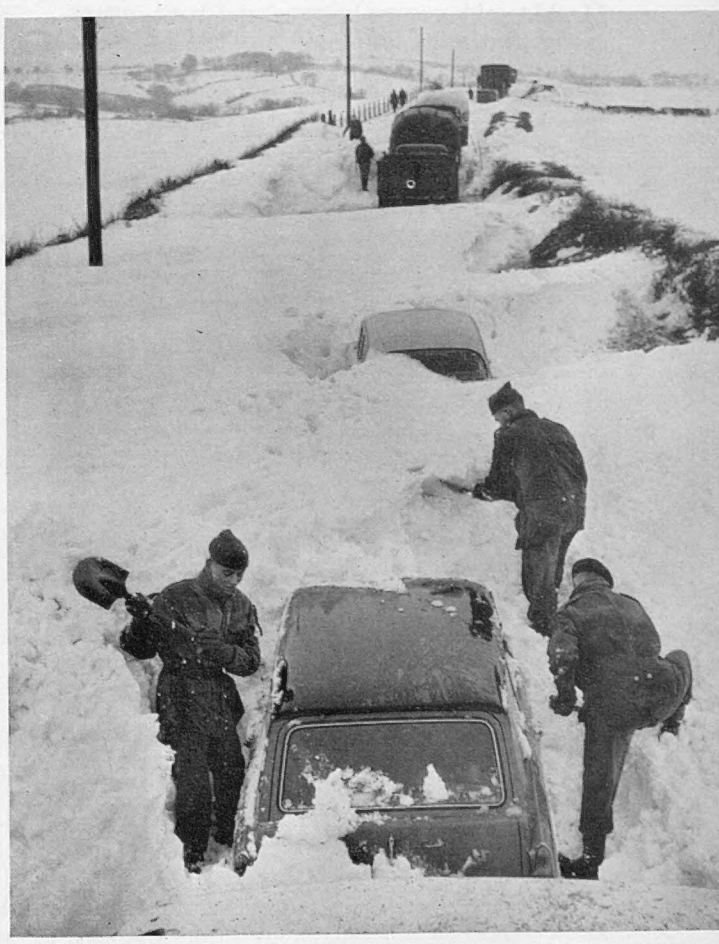
Meanwhile, it is idle to pretend that there is likely to be any slackening in tension in the Far East. The establishment of a Cuba-style bridgehead in Singapore itself may have been prevented, by the action of the Malayan Internal Security Council, as the Council itself has claimed; but to all intents and purposes the Cuba-style base already exists, in Indonesia, across a stretch of water no wider than that which separates Cuba from Florida; and it is a base which—unlike some over which the British Government has fussed and fretted again and again in recent years—always remains fully " activated."

Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia and his wife, Princess Monique, sit in front of the Taj Mahal in Agra. They were on a two-week State visit to India. The Prince is Head of State of Cambodia. Until last August he was also Head of Government. Then he gave up this office and Mr. Chau Sen Cocsal became Prime Minister for the next two months until he was succeeded, on October 6, by Prince Norodom Kantol

EUROPE FROZEN OVER

All last week the weather continued as a main topic of conversation in Britain. It began with renewed blizzards which were particularly severe in the West Country, but which also struck as far afield as Westmorland and Belfast. Over 100 motorists and lorry drivers stranded in Devon on the Exeter-Okehampton road were given shelter in the village of Whiddon Down. Throughout most of Europe the weather was bitterly cold. In Switzerland there was a serious drop of electricity production, with the flow of such rivers as the Rhône and Rhine halved because of ice. In Portugal the heaviest snow falls for years drove hungry wolves down from the mountains to attack people in northern villages. Then by the end of last week Britain saw a sudden thaw, spreading from the West. With the thaw came flood warnings

Sightseers walk over the piled up ice-flows covering the frozen Rhine at St. Goarshausen in Germany. Only a narrow channel remains open



At Whiddon Down, Devon, Royal Marines dig out cars and lorries stranded on the main Exeter to Okehampton Road. Some motorists were trapped for nearly 20 hours

NEWS SUMMARY

Resumption of disarmament talks; the overthrow of General Kassem; Canada prepares for a general election; a wide-ranging interview in the Kremlin; U.S. - Spanish negotiations postponed

INTERNATIONAL

The 17-power disarmament conference was to resume its deliberations in **Geneva** last Tuesday. Vital points to be discussed for a possible nuclear test ban were not only the annual quotas of on-site inspections but also what precisely comprised an inspection.

Late last week America resumed underground nuclear tests which President Kennedy had suspended while the American-Russian talks on a test ban were in progress. Russia broke off the talks and proposed the test ban question should be taken up at Geneva.

IRAQ

By Monday morning of this week ten nations had recognised the new regime in Iraq, and it was believed that Britain was giving immediate attention to the question of recognition. Three days earlier had come the first news of the overthrow of General Kassem, Prime Minister since 1958. (In July of that year he led the coup in which King Feisal II and his principal advisers were assassinated.) The execution of General Kassem and three of his associates was reported to have been shown in macabre detail on the Iraqi television network last Sunday. The new Government in Iraq was headed by Colonel Arif, as President, and Brigadier Ahmed Badr, as Prime Minister. Colonel Arif was General Kassem's right-hand man in 1958, but a year later he was sentenced to death for attempting to assassinate General Kassem. The sentence was commuted and he was set free in 1961. The downfall of General Kassem was welcomed in Egypt. There had been bitter rivalry between him and President Nasser. Colonel Arif's Government was also welcomed by the leaders of the Kurds, who virtually control the oil areas in the north of Iraq. But at the same time they renewed their demands for autonomy, for the attainment of which they had revolted against Kassem.

GREAT BRITAIN

Mr. Macmillan spent last weekend at Chequers engaged in talks on long-term defence policy and expenditure with members of his Cabinet. In addition, the Prime Minister worked on his speech for the House of Commons debate on the consequences of the Brussels breakdown. Last week, there was criticism of the Government for stopping Princess Margaret visiting Paris from March 9-11. Her engagements included luncheon with President de Gaulle.

Lord Hailsham, donning his hat (a cloth cap) as Minister with responsibility for the North-East, visited the area last week. While he was there, it was announced that the Government was proposing to help areas of high unemployment by a £10,000,000 order for three Navy tankers to be built on Tyneside; acceptance of a £4,500,000 tender for building the new Tay Bridge; and a £6,000,000 public works programme for the North-East, Scotland and Merseyside. From May 27, National Assistance rates are being increased.

Three Clyde shipyards have combined to tender for four to six fishmeal factory ships for Russia. The ships would, however, only be built under a trade agreement whereby in exchange Britain would take a maximum of 2,000,000 tons of Russian oil a year. It was understood at the beginning of this week that the British Government was prepared to accept a sufficiently favourable exchange offer if made. But, it was also understood that Mr. Herter, President Kennedy's special representative for trade, while visiting London, opposed the plan.

The National Incomes Commission (NIC) faced a highly important test this week, when it opened its public hearings on its first case, reviewing the 40-hour week agreed for Scottish building workers. The implications of the Scottish agreement are that it is bound to affect workers in the building and civil engineering industry of England and Wales.

Fresh blizzards last weekend ended any hopes that the thaw would be prolonged. Some F.A. cup-ties were postponed for the tenth time. (See also p. 231.)

In the Kremlin in Moscow, Mr. Khrushchev receives Mr. Roy Thomson, Chairman of the Thomson Organisation Ltd., and executives of the *Sunday Times*. The Russian Prime Minister gave an interview of over two hours to Mr. Thomson

CANADA

Mr. Diefenbaker's Government was defeated last week on the Defence issue—whether to accept the U.S. offer of nuclear warheads. Motions of no confidence were passed on the ruling Conservative Party by the combined efforts of the Liberals, the New Democratic Party, and the Social Credit Party. The last had previously supported Mr. Diefenbaker. New elections are to be held on April 8.

RUSSIA

Talking to Mr. Roy Thomson in the Kremlin last Saturday, Mr. Khrushchev ranged over a wide variety of subjects. They included the need for the settlement of the German problem, towards which he thought Britain should take the lead, Anglo-Russian trade and the possibility of putting a man on the moon. Mr. Thomson had taken a party of 138 leading British industrialists and businessmen to the Russian capital for the weekend to celebrate the first anniversary of the *Sunday Times Colour Magazine*. Altogether the party numbered 168. Its members flew from London and returned in the world's largest airliner, the TU 114.

A point on which Mr. Khrushchev was firm with Mr. Thomson was that Russia would never move into closer relations with the West at the expense of China. On the following day *Pravda* carried an article calling on all Communists to remain united. The newspaper declared the Russian Communists were ready to meet any other Communists at any time for discussions "irrespective of how significant the differences are" between them.

ITALY

Monsignor Josyf Slipyi, Primate of the Ukrainian Catholics and Archbishop of Lvov, reached **Rome** last weekend after having been released by the Soviet authorities. He had been imprisoned for nearly 18 years. His release was taken as indicating a new stage in the relations between Rome and Moscow.

Supreme champion of this year's Cruft's Dog Show is the Lakeland terrier bitch, Rogerholm Recruit, held by her handler, Mr. L. Atkinson. On the left is her owner, Mr. W. Rogers, and right is Mrs. J. Cecil-Wright

DEATH OF FORTUNINO MATANIA

Chevalier Fortunino Matania, who died in London last week, was one of the most distinguished artists who worked for THE SPHERE. Born in Naples in 1881, he started to contribute to THE SPHERE in 1905, and continued to do so for many years. Some of his finest work was done in the First World War.

Rescue workers get a line to a 35-ton Japanese fishing vessel aground on the rocks off Choshi, about 50 miles east of Tokyo. **Below:** As heavy seas pound the vessel, the fishermen are rescued and hauled safely to land

ESCAPE FROM THE SEA

Sir Gerald Nabarro, Conservative M.P. for Kidderminster, waves cheerfully outside Buckingham Palace after being knighted by the Queen Mother. He was one of those honoured in the investiture last week

Sir Learie Constantine, High Commissioner in London for Trinidad and Tobago, is welcomed by Sir Thomas Macdonald, the New Zealand High Commissioner, and his wife during a reception held to mark New Zealand Day. Sir Thomas Macdonald was knighted by the Queen Mother last week

Sir Ralph Perring (left), Lord Mayor of London, looks at a painting of the Lord Mayor's Procession approaching Mansion House by Victor Coverley-Price. It is one of the works on show at the City of London Art exhibition, which was opened by the Lord Mayor last week at the Guildhall Art Gallery

The Rev. Colin Cuttell, field missioner for Toc H, walks in front of All Hallows by the Tower, London. It has been announced that he is to succeed the Rev. P. T. B. Clayton, Founder Padre of Toc H, as vicar of All Hallows

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

TO THINE OWN SELF, BE TRUE. The Common Market is " off " for Britain for the next few years. The 18 months of negotiations which kept industry guessing and investors wary, are thrown away, materially if not spiritually. We have at least discovered friends in Europe and well-wishers. The Premier had pinned his hopes on a happy and early issue, and now he must very earnestly and agonisingly re-appraise, not only for the sake of his country but of his party. For the harvest of his years of power is by no means bumper. Here then we stand on our own feet, no longer a Great Power, and with no certainty a leading second-class power. Why did we take the failure so lightly and calmly? Chiefly, I think, because during those 18 months most of us gained no clear understanding of the pros and cons of entering the Common Market (which, by the way, was a theory which was being seriously ventilated as long ago as 1946). There has been, of course, a minority of all parties utterly opposed to entry on the score that it would betray our Commonwealth or our agriculturalists. But I should say that a majority of the nation has sat on the fence in sheer ignorance of what it was all about. Parliament, too, took the news with surprising lightness and calm, and that was the odder (if characteristic of British character) since the Government has only in the last few weeks begun to consider practical means of finding alternative ways of saving our economic bacon. I ventured recently to suggest that it is a prime duty of Government not totally to neglect its important function of moral leadership.

WANTED A CHURCHILL. A moment in our history such as this cries out for a Churchill who in words of fire could shake us out of our complacency, disunity and narrow aims, and cement us once more, in Parliament, in industry and in the streets and by-ways, to pull together in determination to face and overcome this latest challenge, and to be done with " half-men and their dirty songs and dreary " and all the shoddiness of social life. We have not heard such a voice these 20 years, and we have sadly deteriorated as a result. Where that voice and the sincerity behind it is

The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, fires a 41-gun salute in Hyde Park, London. The occasion last week marked the 11th anniversary of the Queen's accession to the throne

to come from, I do not know. Perhaps the best substitute in Government propaganda would be to play-back on every instrument of mass communication, and day after day, the records of some of Churchill's " pulpit " addresses to the nation during the early days of the last war which brought us united to our finest hour. This is certain: too facile and familiar mannerisms, too easy and cultured oratory are not enough. Spell-binding sincerity must be behind that voice, for on its persuasiveness will depend whether once more England to herself can " rest but true," or alternatively must sink lower still among the minor powers in influence, in toughness and in moral virtues. If our present crisis appears largely an economic one, it will not be solved until a leader arises to persuade the nation that first and foremost it is a moral one. For " twice ten tedious years " we have egregiously failed to be true to our national reputation for meeting challenges.

BREAD AND CIRCUSES. An author who has written a book on the nation's present " discontents " with many evidences which point to our decadence and decline in moral virtues, was recently interviewed on TV and invited to repeat, chapter and verse, his accusations and pointers. Inevitably he put in the forefront the Government's wobbling and unplanned efforts to stabilise our national economy with alternate stop and go. When asked to cite less important signs, he mentioned our deplorable curiosity and sensational interest in such comparatively trivial matters as " homosexuality and the Royal Family." It seemed to me he could have put it more tactfully, though I knew what he intended to convey: that as individuals we give more attention to our favourite circuses than to the nation's spiritual bread. As indeed was the case when the Roman Empire began to break up. I appreciate also the arguments of those who tell us that we must really begin to cut our coat to our cloth, and that, while our welfare benefits must be preserved at all costs, we cannot continue, while our present economic advance is so uncertain, to expand these benefits *ad lib*. In a broad way, our Welfare State, in this time of acute economic crisis, can be classed as bread and circuses, and we must look far ahead for a leader or a Government who would risk its chance of power to restrict all or any of the circuses which are offered us to keep our growls within bounds. But the vicious circle is obvious. The more circuses our timorous leaders offer us, the more circus-minded we become. The crack of the whip is needed in the ring under the big top.

THIS OTHER EDEN. The health authorities were able to congratulate us on the beneficial effects of the Great Freeze Up. Never was the nation so healthy. I always had the idea that intense cold over a long period was as deadly to germs as it can be to our flora and fauna. The influenza epidemic, customary at this time of year, was postponed. It will flourish in the thaw. One cannot see with the eye the legions of dead germs, one seldom sees the corpses of garden birds. One can see on all sides the massacre of flora. We have come out of great tribulation, but perhaps when the mess is cleared up, when the green shows through the white again, when the damage is made good and the " little bills " paid, we shall modify our superlatives, admit that our tribulation was a comparatively minor one, especially if record cold in January results in a warm and pleasant summer. But shall we learn lessons from our tribulation, shall we forget our short access of neighbourliness and humanity to man and beast, shall we take steps to avert the worst dangers which a long freeze always threatens in our homes? The rejected warning given us in 1947 suggests that we shall rest content with the emergency-patching we managed to do in January 1963 and return to our belief that cold weather is no problem in this other Eden, demi-paradise.

A DISMAL RECORD. A more bestial month of discomfort, boredom, frustration and petty anxieties than January 1963, I never before experienced. I wonder whether one day good may be found to have come out of it. Could it be that this *lusus naturae* may prove to have checked the drift to the South? At any rate I urge all would-be emigrants from the North of this island, before they decide to work in or retire to the mild and temperate South Coast between Southampton and Sidmouth, to study closely the January weather statistics put out by Bournemouth, that famous paradise for invalids and the aged, before deciding to pack their traps and move to that blessed spot and its hideously congested environs between Southampton and Poole. There thousands of Northerners have found (and must have warned their friends still in the North that they have found) that in drifting to the South, they have jumped out of the refrigerator into the Deep Freeze. It may be those serious warnings will induce a few intending drifters South to re-appreciate the charms of Blackpool (Queen of Pleasure Resorts) and Scarborough and bracing Skegness. Bournemouth (Queen City of the Snows) will not be ruined if the warning of January 1963 is obeyed. It is just about as chock-a-block as it can stand, and South Hampshire will endure the loss of new immigrants with philosophy.

ON A PLUM WICKET. Sir Pelham Warner, who died the other day in his 90th year, devoted his whole life and ability to the game of cricket. His name, like W.G.'s, spells cricket. As a batsman, he was no doubt not in the short list of the greatest practitioners and perhaps not in the first half-dozen of writers on the game. But he played many famous innings, was as admirable a captain as he was a tactful ambassador of the game and wrote some excellent books on cricket. I suppose that neither he nor W.G. would ever have dismissed cricket as " only a game." It was their life. But Plum all his life " played cricket " as it should be played, and those who *do* contend that cricket is " only a game " and has received in recent years too much serious consideration, will probably agree that he deserved his knighthood; even if they contend that, if in 1937 he was the first cricketer to be knighted, he should also have been the last. His frail, neat and unassuming presence in the Pavilion at Lord's was almost as constant as the figure of the man-with-a-scythe on the weathervane, and between them they seemed to signalise that all was still well with the national game. And if life's a game, Plum Warner lived it " after his fashion " quite admirably.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

I COULD GO ON SINGING

The world premiere of Judy Garland's new film at the Plaza on March 6

Outside the Palladium, the crowds gather for Jenny Bowman's first night of her London season

Alone in a white spotlight on the huge stage, Judy Garland sings "I'll go my way, by myself"

Audiences all over the world found a star, to be remembered with affection ever since, when in 1939 they first went down that yellow brick road in *The Wizard of Oz* with a plump-faced girl with a heart-stirring voice—Judy Garland. She was then 17 and had already appeared in a string of musicals. Other films followed and concerts and tours. In 1956, she made another singing film—*A Star is Born*. Since then, except for a few guest appearances in dramatic roles, Judy Garland has not been seen in the cinema.

Word has it that in her new film, shot in England last year, she has made one of the most successful comebacks of show business. The picture was originally titled *The Lonely Stage*, but has been changed, for reasons best known to the

Judy Garland, making a triumphant return to films in a singing role, as Jenny Bowman, a great American star

distributors, United Artists, to *I Could Go On Singing*. In it, she plays a famous American singing star, Jenny Bowman, undertaking a brief solo season at the London Palladium. The plot of the film is: many years before in New York Jenny fell in love with David, now a distinguished surgeon. They had a son but didn't marry because of their careers. Jenny has decided that David is the only man she ever loved and persuades David to let her see their son Matt again, with inevitably sad results. The plot is only an excuse which enables the film, directed by Ronald Neame, to concentrate on the magic of Judy Garland singing, capturing the memorable, if indefinable, appeal of the great solo performer in front of her audience.

Nervously she waits in the wings before going on. Left is Jack Klugman as George Kogan, her manager

With her son, Matt (Gregory Phillips), and David Donne (Dirk Bogarde) at Matt's public school

Drovers with Aberdeen Angus cattle. Beef production is a major pastoral industry in Australia

The Voice of the Commonwealth

FAITH IN

A survey of the prospects in

Field-Marshal Viscount Slim,

Alice Springs in the Northern Territory is the terminal of the railway which links

No one, Queen or commoner, can be in Australia without feeling all around the surge of movement, of purposeful advance. Australia may be geologically the oldest land in the world but as a nation she is young, with all the resilience, energy, challenges, opportunities and attractiveness of youth.

When the Queen's aircraft lands in Canberra, it will be nine years since she last visited her Commonwealth of Australia. Much, not least the warmth of her welcome, will be as it was then, but even in that short time there will noticeable changes for her to see.

Among the first of them will be in Canberra itself. In those few years its population has doubled. No longer is the old gibe that it is " half a dozen suburbs in search of a city " justified; it is now recognisably a city, the accepted capital of a great country. New buildings have sprung up to change its appearance, though sometimes one may regret that in Canberra men have not always built as well as they have planted trees. All the same, Canberra remains a most pleasant place to live in with the best all-the-year-round climate it has been my luck to meet. It has now on its door-step what is fast becoming one of the finest playgrounds in the world—the Australian Alps, with splendid snow slopes for winter sports and in summer coolness, fishing, and water sports in the great lakes of the Snowy River scheme.

Australia can claim to be unique in several ways; one of them is that she is the only country that has never had a war waged on her soil. Yet today her city skylines are being as rapidly and as drastically redrawn as those of devastated Europe. Australian architects have done well with these towering modern structures, characteristic of no nation but common to all; their best are perhaps not as good as the best in Europe, but their worst are certainly better than some in London. It is sad that the most imaginative and most discussed building in Australia, the Sydney Opera House, will not be finished for the Queen to see. Whether one is convinced that it will be one of the most beautiful and striking buildings anywhere, or that with its sweeping white canopies it will look, as a lady said to me on viewing the model, " like half a dozen Sisters of Charity in a rugger scrum," it is a magnificent gesture of faith in Australia's future.

Until the end of the Second World War, Australians could boast with a great deal of truth to be of as pure United Kingdom stock as we were. Since then there has been a mighty stream of immigrants into the country of whom only about one in three has been British. The population, therefore, has not only increased in numbers—a vital necessity—but it has noticeably changed in composition. The thousands and thousands of Continental Europeans who have become New Australians have proved themselves law-abiding, hard-working citizens, often bringing with them special technical and artistic skills that have enriched the national life. Incidentally, they have had a marked and beneficial impact on the local cuisine.

Australians of all kinds would like to see a higher proportion of British immigrants to the benefit of both countries. My own personal belief is that any young single man who is fit, intelligent, and willing to work, and goes to Australia now, would in ten years have a really decent job which would keep him and a family in greater comfort than they would be likely to have in Britain. For a married man with no capital, housing, as it is in most places, is a main difficulty and, I think, has led to such disappointments as there have been. In any case, any scheme under which over 90 per cent. have been successful is no bad record.

Old ideas die hard. Even now, many of us picture Australians as lean, bronzed men, riding the ranges, cracking stock-whips and gazing into blue distances. In actual fact Australians are more city dwellers than we are; more of them work in factories than in fields and, as in most countries, this is an increasing trend. The advantage that the Australian city worker has over his English counterpart is that it is so much easier for him to get into open country or to those marvellous beaches, to say nothing of a climate infinitely more favourable to outdoor activities. Hence, the Australian record in sport and incidentally, why the average Australian girl walks and moves better than any other white woman.

The old Australia, almost entirely agricultural, pastoral and mining, has, in the past generation, become by any standard, a great industrial country. Its production of primary products, wool, meat, wheat, sugar, steel, non-ferrous metals has increased while at the same time its secondary manufacturing industries have grown remarkably in both volume and variety. The variety is remarkable—there is even a cultured

(*Continued on page 240*)

THE FUTURE

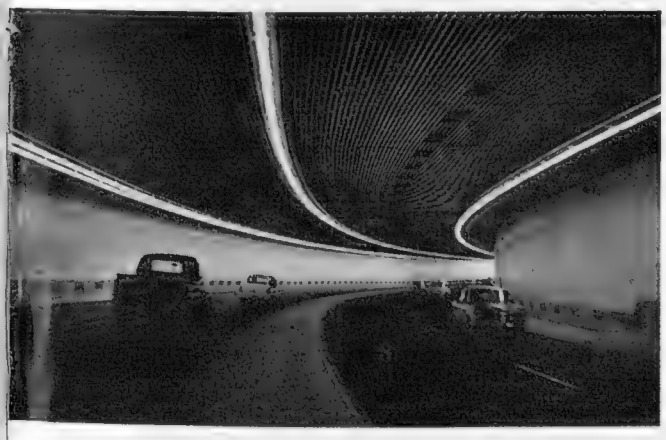
the contemporary scene in Australia by

Governor-General of Australia, 1953—1960

:he Territory with Adelaide, nearly 1,000 miles south in South Australia

A view of the Yarra river flowing through the centre of Melbourne

The Federal Parliament building in Canberra



Traffic in the Cahill Expressway in Sydney

A graduation ceremony in Wilson Hall at the University of Melbourne

Rice-growing in Australia is highly mechanised

Elizabeth Street in Hobart, the capital of Tasmania

A De Havilland Drover of the Royal Flying Doctor Service comes in to inspect a landing strip in New South Wales. The burning motor tyre indicates wind direction

FAITH IN THE FUTURE

(*Continued from page 238*)

pearl—very big pearls—industry growing up on the north-east coast. The best Australian managements compare favourably with any; some are behind the times but that is by no means confined to " down under."

The Australian worker is tough, independent and demands intelligent handling because generally he has initiative, a healthy scepticism, and a useful curiosity. He will work hard on three occasions—when he is well paid, when he is interested and, remarkably hard, for nothing. For nothing when he is helping a neighbour in misfortune, a splendid tradition of old pioneering days. That is common to all Australians; they like you better if you break your leg, then they can be really kind to you. It is worth remembering that the man-days lost in Australia in the past ten years through industrial disputes have been, in proportion, only a fraction of those lost in the United Kingdom. Some British firms have missed opportunities by a groundless fear of the difficulties of Australian labour; they need miss no more.

There is little fear that the natural resources of Australia will not keep pace with the expansion of her industry. More land is coming into use, crops are improving, vast new fields of iron-ore, bauxite and non-ferrous metals are being surveyed; some oil in commercial quantities has been discovered and more should follow. Atomic power holds great promise in a land in many ways peculiarly likely to benefit from its introduction.

With all this the pattern of Australian trade is changing. The primary agricultural and pastoral products still form the basis of exports—it is notable that, while the total exports have risen immensely, wool still contributes no less a proportion in value than it did 50 years ago—but the destination of the exports is altering. Australia, like England, if she is to develop and maintain her standard of living for increasing numbers, must and does look for new markets. These she is seeking, sensibly and rightly, among her Asian neighbours, and finding them with success. It is sad for us that Japan has already surpassed Britain as a buyer of Australian wool and, if present trends continue, will within a year or two become Australia's best total customer. The possibility of our entering the Common Market undoubtedly spurred this thrust into Asia, and while most Australians, taking a long view, were not unduly disturbed, not a few Australian farmers will raise a glass to General de Gaulle.

While trade and industry have forged ahead, the arts and sciences have not lagged behind. In both, very high standards have been achieved, as witness the Exhibition now at the Tate Gallery in London, and the numbers of Australians who are leading names in science and medicine.

But the greatest of all changes have been political; not in internal politics, which bear a great surface similarity to our own, but in the position of Australia in the world. The shock of the last war rudely woke her to the facts of international life and to the realisation that she was no longer protected from a threatening and violent world by the Royal Navy. Australia is an island, a large one but still an island, enjoying the advantages that brings, but suffering, too, the inevitable disadvantages enhanced in her case by lack of an ocean-going mercantile marine. She stands, a bastion and an example of Western democracy to the South of Asia, a role of incomparable value to the free world. She is, in addition, a most enlightened Colonial Power; the extension of her administration in New Guinea without the use of force is unique in colonial history.

Trade and defence are unsentimental things and in both these the ties that bind us together are now less exclusive. Yet nowhere does a Briton find himself more at home than in Australia, and nowhere are the links of tradition, mutual interest, comradeship in war, and way of life closer. The visit of the Queen will again show how strong they are.

The parade for the 1960 Australian Surf Championships at the Pacific Ocean beach of Merewether, near Newcastle, in New South Wales

Left: Wood chopping during Sydney's Spring Festival. **Centre:** Melbourne's Moomba procession. **Right:** Ski-ing in the Australian Alps. **Below:** The Sydney-Hobart yacht race

" Sturt's Overland Expedition Leaving Adelaide, 10th August, 1844," by the " Colonial " painter S. T. Gill

Faith in the Future

AUSTRALIAN PAINTING

The Exhibition at the Tate Gallery in London

To visit this exhibition in midwinter is as warming an experience as listening to the Test Match commentary on a frosty morning. First one is carried back over a century by the " Colonial " painters who apply the style of the topographical artists of the early nineteenth century to an unfamiliar landscape. Then in the 1880's the so-called " Impressionists," who are not very closely related to their European counterparts, deal in a distinctively Australian style with the tawny landscape of the outback. In Tom Roberts's vigorous composition " The Breakaway " one feels the heat, dust and movement of the round-up of sheep. His works and the early paintings of Sir Arthur Streeton have an obvious and immediate appeal.

Contemporary painters in Australia have broken sharply with this extrovert manner. Russell Drysdale with his evocation of the burning desert and the mysterious aboriginal is already well known in Britain and represented in the Tate Gallery's own collection, as is Sidney Nolan, with his swamps and convicts and imaginative reconstruction of Australian folklore. Two such commanding masters could well form the nucleus of a national school.

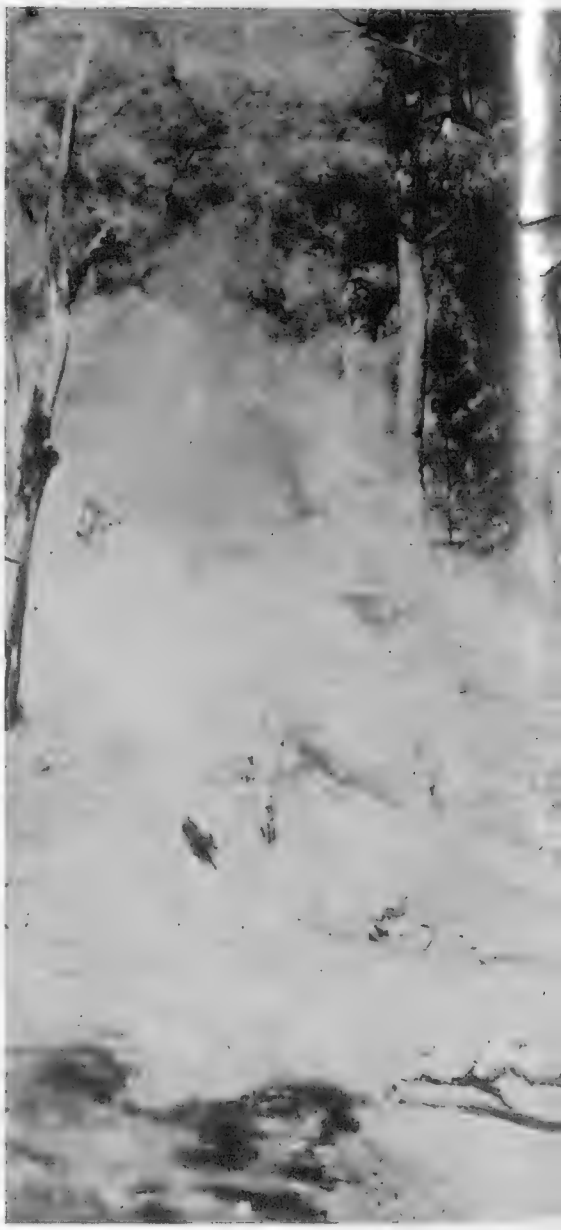
However, in fact, their younger contemporaries have chosen rather to experiment in all the variety of modern international styles. This they do with some success and even from the more abstract paintings the clear light, warm colour and wide spaces of the great continent are not altogether absent. Some of these qualities are to be found in the city-scapes of William Rose and Andrew Sibley, and others in Fred Williams's original rendering of the woods and forests of his country. But altogether there is something here for all tastes, such as the highly individual portraits of William Dobell and the religious pictures of Roi de Maistre, and Arthur Boyd's dreamlike evocations of the Australian scene.

It is an exhibition of striking achievement and abundant promise.

Maurice Latey

" Mining Camp near Bathurst," by E. Tulloch, is another from the " Colonial " period on show at the Tate until March 3

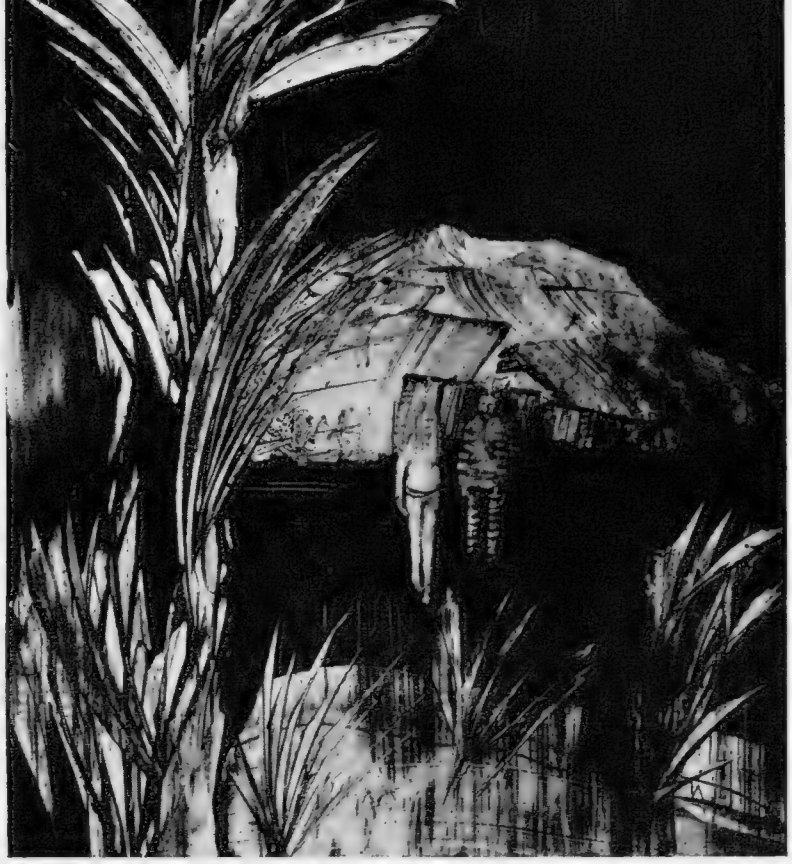
The Impressionist Charles Conder's " Springtime, R



" The Breakaway," by Tom Roberts, one of the mo

, .S.W., 1888," was painted in the year he arrived as a young man to spend seven years in Australia

important figures in Australian art. He introduced the Impressionist method to Australia



" Figures in Jungle " is by Sidney Nolan, a leading contemporary artist

" Boy at the Basin " is an example of William Dobell's highly individual work.
Below: " Desert Landscape " is one of Russell Drysdale's canvases on show

Trucks are loaded with iron ore at Iron Knob, South Australia

Faith in the Future

EXPANDING TRADE

Cutting sugar cane near Mackay, Queensland

At the bauxite mines at Weipa on Cape York Peninsula

The Yallourn open-cut brown coal mine in the Latrobe Valley, Victoria

The ornamental fountain and viewing deck at Serpentine Dam, Western Australia. **Below:** The interior of an underground power station in the gigantic project of the Snowy Mountains Hydro-electric scheme

At Newcastle, 100 miles north of Sydney, the steelworks produce over 1,000,000 tons of high-grade steel each year

Planting pine trees with specially designed apparatus. **Below:** Pulling sheet glass from the cutter at a glass factory in the town of Dandenong, in the state of Victoria

An oil tanker ready for launching lies on the stocks in a yard at Whyalla, South Australia

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

DO NOT NEGLECT EASTBOURNE

Eastbourne, according to a guide book published in 1949, " is much the latest of the great seaside resorts. Until 1860, there was only the Old Town, one mile inland, with its hamlets of Meads and Southbourne, and a small group of buildings on the shore called the Sea Houses." Guide books are not often so modest: their authors are usually prone to claim for their towns an antiquity much greater than careful investigation will support.

In this case it is evident that the author failed to study his sources sufficiently closely. Long before 1860, maybe 50 or more years before, Eastbourne must have been a big and popular resort. My authority for this is Jane Austen. In *Sanditon*, a sketch for a novel which, unfortunately, she never completed, she mentions Eastbourne. The fragment of *Sanditon* was published in 1925 and, if you have read it, you will recall that Mr. Parker, one of the promoters of the new little resort of Sanditon, on the Sussex coast, sets out with his wife in search of a doctor whom he hopes to persuade to open a practice there; a doctor being the only amenity lacking in Sanditon.

He does not find his doctor: instead he sprains his ankle and is carried into the house of a Mr. Heyward. He proceeds to sing the praises of Sanditon to his host. Mr. Heyward, a gentleman of the old school, is not impressed: " Yes, I have heard of Sanditon. Every five years one hears of some new place or other starting up by the Sea, and growing in fashion. How they can half of them be filled is the wonder! *Where* people can be found with Money or Time to go to them! Bad things for a Country: sure to raise the price of Provisions, and make the Poor good for nothing—as I dare say you find, Sir." Mr. Parker, naturally, does not agree: " Not at all, Sir, not at all. Quite the contrary, I assure you. A common idea, but a mistaken one. It may apply to your large, overgrown Places, like Brighton, or Worthing, or Eastbourne. . . . "

And there you have it. Jane Austen wrote *Sanditon* in 1817. Evidently she knew Eastbourne then, at least by name, as a seaside resort. Moreover, she knew it not as one of the new places starting up by the sea, but as a " large, overgrown Place," a place already fashionable. By 1817 there must, surely, have been more than " a small group of buildings on the shore."

There is other evidence to support this contention. For example, Charles Lamb (who died in 1834) knew Eastbourne: " We have been dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, dullest at Eastbourne a third. . . . " There is also some indirect evidence for more than " a small group of buildings on the shore," for a guide published in 1856 commends the spread of Eastbourne landwards because it enabled doctors to make use of the place for patients " who are not comfortable when close to the sea, and for others to whom the exciting effects of strong sea-air might prove injurious."

If it is strange to find the author of a modern guide missing this sort of thing, the almost total neglect of Eastbourne in topographical literature is stranger still. The late Esther Meynell, who wrote one of the best of all books about Sussex, mentions Eastbourne just once, and then only in connection with an apocryphal story about a wheat-ear pie: she does not describe the town at all. And, in his *South-Eastern Survey*, Richard Wyndham has only this to say: " Beyond Eastbourne (in which only the traffic lights should detain you). . . ."

Now this astonishes me. It is true that architecturally there is nothing very old—though the parish church of St. Mary has some good late Norman work and parts of the Lamb Inn opposite are very old. But the situation of the town, sheltered by Beachy Head and backed by the South Downs (which only here present their steep side to the south) is charming: and certainly unsurpassed by any other Sussex seaside resort. Moreover, if there is nothing very old—no narrow twisting streets as in Hastings or Brighton—there is nothing cheap or shabby.

Every year, many thousands of visitors go to Eastbourne for their seaside holiday—and thousands more go there for a day by the sea. In summer the shingly beach is crowded with bathers and the ice cream vendors do a huge trade. Like most of the South Coast, Eastbourne makes its money in the summer. But it is more than just a resort. People go there to live. Out of season, Eastbourne has a prosperous, dignified appeal.

The Grand Parade, bandstand and pier at Eastbourne, seen from the Wish Tower

The general level of building is, by seaside resort standards anywhere else in Britain, astonishingly high. Most of the land on which Eastbourne is built is in the ownership of the Cavendish family. The exceptionally generous planning—broad, tree-lined streets, parks, lawns, gardens, the three promenades—owes much to the taste and, I suspect, to the determination of the Dukes of Devonshire. The result is wholly delightful. And the more so, because Eastbourne is by far the cleanest seaside resort I know.

Then why should it be virtually ignored in topographical literature? I think this must be due to the town's long-established reputation for dullness. Charles Lamb started that and it stuck. Murray's *Guide* for 1868 states firmly: " For those who seek rational recreation and health-giving pleasure Eastbourne is altogether a very enjoyable place, but they who expect bustle and gaiety must go elsewhere." So firm was this reputation that Becker, who went there in 1884, was astonished to find nigger minstrels and " music of sorts in the streets." He did not approve. Nor did some other people.

That " music of sorts " led to the first of Eastbourne's " civil wars." The Corporation banned all music in the streets on Sundays, including that of the Salvation Army. This lack of concern for the welfare of their souls so riled the citizens that the ban had soon to be withdrawn. It is pleasant to record that Eastbourne is now famous for its music; from Devonshire Park, not in the streets. The second " civil war " occurred about 1930 and concerned bathing. The Corporation tried to ban " mackintosh bathing," by insisting that people bathed only from Corporation huts for which, of course, they made a charge. Inevitably, they lost that battle too. But, undoubtedly, both attempts—to ban street-music on Sundays, to ban undressing on the beach—did something to maintain the town's reputation for dullness, for rigid adherence to the proprieties.

In fact, Eastbourne is not dull. It is different. Now, it needs courage to be different in England nowadays. Mostly people do not try to be, they just follow the fashion like sheep: partly because they lack character, partly, mainly perhaps, because they are convinced that it does not pay. Eastbourne is convincing proof to the contrary. Here is a most flourishing, a most prosperous, seaside resort which makes no concessions to the cheap and the slapstick: to fashion in fact. There is much more than the traffic lights to detain you in Eastbourne. There is character.

The camel market at Marrakesh is held once a month in the town in Morocco, which is the terminal of a Sahara camel caravan route

The Aberdeen-Angus bull sold for £63,000 at Perth to an American syndicate

MARKETS AND PRICES

There is a great deal of hard bargaining between buyers and sellers for the camels in the market at Marrakesh and there may be hours of haggling before a deal is concluded. Often the price paid is not revealed. An average would probably be around £50. This, of course, is infinitesimal compared with the £63,000 paid for the Aberdeen-Angus bull Lindertis Evulse at the Aberdeen Angus sale in Perth, Scotland, last week. Mr. Clint Thomson, of Geneva, Illinois, made this world record bid on behalf of a syndicate of American businessmen. The previous world record at a cattle auction was £47,000. In the picture on this page Sir Torquil Munro, of Kirriemuir, Angus, the vendor of the bull, is at extreme right. Lady Munro is next to him and next to her is Mr. Clint Thomson.

TRAVEL

A QUIET CORNER OF HOLLAND

By **GORDON COOPER**

Until ten years or so ago, a regular passenger service from Harwich to Flushing maintained at least a certain British tourist traffic to the Dutch province of Zeeland. When it ceased, the British visitors all but ceased too, and even now few tour operators in this country include it amongst their attractive itineraries to the land of bulbfields. Even to the Dutch, Zeeland is known as the silent spot of Holland, apart from the annual summer flood of holiday-makers (non-British). Perhaps this is one of the reasons it attracts me, along with its wide landscapes and bracing air, its typical Dutch character and the hardy unspoilt people who have suffered so much tragedy in their fight against the sea.

Flushing and nearby Middelburg on the island of Walcheren, at the mouth of the Scheldt, can be reached from Rotterdam and the Hook of Holland by rail, changing at Roosendaal; or from Ostend by rail to Bruges, thence bus and ferry across the Scheldt. To go one way and return the other, taking in some of the art cities of Flanders en route, would make a pleasant round trip. An attractive alternative is to use the Transport Ferry Services, going one way from Tilbury to Rotterdam and returning from Antwerp to Tilbury. These one-class ships, with drive-on drive-off facilities for vehicles, can be highly recommended for their excellent standard of comfort, food and the friendly atmosphere of a ship with a limited number of passengers. The crossings take 14 and 16 hours respectively.

Today, the island of Walcheren is joined to South Beveland, thence to the mainland, and served by road and rail. South Beveland is the region of rich orchards, a glorious sight in spring; Walcheren is characterised by open fields and few trees (most of them planted since war devastations), dotted with small quiet villages and windmills. As is the case with so much of Holland, both areas owe their topography to the ingenuity of man, for much of the land so carefully husbanded is polderland snatched from the sea.

Zierikzee is a charming town in Zeeland

The fifteenth-century Stadhuis at Veere is surmounted by a slender belfry added 100 years later

There are few stranger feelings than to stand on one of their dikes, man-made ramparts against the hungry ocean, and to look down on one side at a shelving beach, on the other at the rooftops of a village. This reminder that hundreds of thousands of Dutch people are walking their world with their heads below sea-level stirs memories of past disasters.

Out of these tragedies, history is now being shaped in the form of the £25 million Delta Plan, Holland's determined move to put an end to such disasters once and for all. This monumental plan to close the complex of river estuaries and sea arms that lie between the Rotterdam Waterway and the Scheldt will reduce the exposed coast of south-west Holland by 435 miles. It is a feat of almost unbelievable dimensions and daring, whose final chapters will only be completed in 1978-1980.

But the Delta Plan will do more than cut out the sea. It will eventually reduce the journey between Middelburg and Rotterdam from 140 kms. to 90, in the process linking islands that as yet rarely see foreign visitors. One such, North Beveland, has already been wrested from its isolation and is now joined by two dikes, at one end to Walcheren and the other to South Beveland. These dikes will in addition create new freshwater lakes to be developed as sailing centres, and an easily accessible and sparsely populated area will provide a new playground for the industrial areas of Holland, Belgium and France. The " silent spot " is not to remain silent for so very much longer!

Yet all this is some way off and the region is ideal for quiet family holidays with plenty of interest, in addition to the Delta Plan, for everyone. Flushing, a busy industrial centre with important shipyards, has also an excellent beach and pleasant sea front. The recently rebuilt Britannia Hotel looks out to the busy shipping traffic on its way up the Scheldt to Antwerp. This modern establishment is most comfortable and there will be few others like it, for the Dutch are determined to maintain the original character of their quiet backwater as long as possible. Mostly, new accommodation takes the form of bungalows, cottages and caravans which can be hired through the local tourist office.

Smaller resorts on Walcheren are Zoutelande, West-Kapelle and Domburg, with good beaches, while two interesting towns are Middelburg, capital of the province, and sleepy Veere, once a flourishing commercial centre and port for the Scottish wool trade. Middelburg, in spite of war damage, has restored its treasures, including the fine medieval Abbey and Civic Hall. Well worth visiting, too, is the delightful model of

The sea front at Zoutelande which has good beaches and is a favourite seaside resort a few miles from Middelburg

" Walcheren in Miniature " and the Zeeland War Museum, which houses an Inundation Model, showing the inundation and reclamation of Walcheren.

The town is particularly animated on market day (Thursday), when many of the local people wear the attractive Zeeland costumes. Older people, especially, can be seen going about their business any day of the week in these costumes in the smaller villages of the region, for they are not merely worn as a tourist attraction. Tilting the ring tournaments, a medieval sport still practised in various parts of Walcheren, are another colourful feature. The principal event this year will be held at Middelburg on July 18.

As good a way of touring the villages as any is by bicycle, for whose use there are tracks along the dunes, though one should remember that though the island may be flat, the wind can be very strong.

For longer excursions, two ferries link Walcheren and South Beveland to Dutch or Zeeland Flanders, that tiny portion of Holland separated from the rest of the country by the River Scheldt. The crossings (between Flushing-Breskens, and Kruiningen-Perkpolder) take 15-20 minutes, thus providing convenient access routes to the coast of Belgium and cities such as Bruges, Ghent and Antwerp.

In South Beveland, mention must be made of the town of Goes (market day, Tuesday), which has a fine Town Hall, Gothic Church—and outstanding food at the Hotel De Korenbeurs, a former patrician house.

Finally, to the north of South Beveland, the island of Schouwen, which is still an island, though not for very much longer, can be reached by steamer service. With its sands and well-wooded dunes, it has a number of small resorts especially suitable for a quiet holiday, while Zierikzee on its south coast is an unspoilt old Dutch town. Sleepy Brouwershaven, on the north side, has an immense Gothic church.

For further information: Netherlands National Tourist Office, 38, Hyde Park Gate, London, S.W.7; Galleon Holidays, Eccleston Court, Gillingham Street, London, S.W.1; Friendship Tours, 72, High Street, Teddington, Middlesex.

GORDON COOPER—AN APPRECIATION

Gordon Cooper, Travel Correspondent of "The Sphere" since 1951, died suddenly in Nairobi on February 2 at the age of 68. The funeral took place there last week. There can have been few men more extensively travelled and there can have been scarcely a country in the world with which he was not familiar and about which he could not have written with a perspicacity and encyclopædic knowledge based on personal experience. Gordon Cooper was born in Edinburgh and educated at Charterhouse and Edinburgh University. After service in the First World War he emigrated to Southern Rhodesia. This began a long series of wide-ranging journeys which equipped him to become so valuable a travel writer. He resumed his travelling and writing after the Second World War and the number of books from his pen was legion. Before leaving on what was, tragically, to be his last journey, Gordon Cooper left some articles which we are publishing in this week's and the next two weeks' issues.

BOOKS

DERBYSHIRE CHILDHOOD

The autobiography of Paul West; the exploits of a West Country farmer; and this week's fiction

Mr. Paul West is not old enough (he was nine when the war began) to view his childhood through rose-coloured glasses and, being a good writer by inclination and profession, he is too clear-sighted to romanticise it to one extreme or the other. At 33 he regards the Derbyshire village where he was born and where his parents still live with candour and a reasonably detached interest, with the result that his volume of autobiography, I, SAID THE SPARROW (Hutchinson. 18s.), gives the reader a comprehensive view of the circumstances of his young life as well as the setting in which it was passed. His writing is confident and relaxed; his sense of observation acute. "I was late in discovering that we were working-class," he writes. "Yet the signs and emblems surrounded me." And so on to a perceptive, gentle, yet never sentimental account of parents, neighbours, and a way of life. Perhaps the key to this book is the continuity of feeling and the pause—rather than break—between youth and maturity in the writer.

FARMERS' BREAKFAST (Michael Joseph. 18s.) is a different kind of autobiography: the story of Professor Arthur Ling's agricultural enterprises. Once a professor at Bristol University, a business man and a modest theoretician, Mr. Ling finally achieved his desire, which was to become a man of the country, by choice rather than circumstance, and to apply all his skills to the land. In the West Country he is known as a broadcaster and as a public figure. Through this lively, often controversial, book he will be introduced to many more as a salty, uninhibited recorder of events as he has seen them—and will certainly continue to see them.

Mr. James Baldwin is a distinguished American author whose latest novel, called ANOTHER COUNTRY (Michael Joseph. 25s.), will probably help to establish his reputation as a writer of warmly human perceptions, but is not really likely to attract a new wave of readers. This is, in the main, because of the perfectly acceptable premise that people acquire novels for entertainment and, in a smaller proportion, for instruction. Mr. Baldwin's story, while compellingly readable, is also, in an odd way, exasperating. For instance, far too much space and time is spent over the comparative studies of male and female—though mostly male—sexual prowess. This becomes an obsessive and therefore a tiresome factor in the story, as do Mr. Baldwin's conclusions about homosexuality and its key to compassion and tolerance. One of the heroes is a talented young Harlem Negro with the background of an affectionate family and the immediate past of a successful career as a jazz drummer. He falls in love with and, later, virtually destroys a "poor white trash" girl from Georgia, runs ragged for a while and then kills himself. His close friend, Irish-Italian and a putative novelist, considers himself involved in the tragedy and, for his own reasons, initiates another and separate one. There is something humourless and sententious about all this to-ing and fro-ing of mixed up people, not so much in the decisions they make as in their solemn self-absorption. It is evident that Mr. Baldwin is serious and even dedicated to his work as a novelist. What one wonders is whether he is not due for at least a breath of the wind of change.

Mr. Jim Andrew's first novel, A NEST OF HATE (Cassell. 16s.), has a melancholy theme for a start in the world of fiction, being concerned with a particularly dreary village in the Pennine foothills, a mentally retarded man whose home it is, and the effect on him of local violence. Competently written and, as far as I was concerned, thoroughly depressing.

ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF IVAN DENISOVICH (Gollancz. 18s.) comes to this country with a resounding Russian success

ANTHONY QUINN (right), with Mickey Rooney, stars as an ageing boxer in *Blood Money*. This powerful, tragic film opens at the Columbia Cinema, London, February 14. It also stars Jackie Gleason and Julie Harris

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A HOUSE DIVIDED

A reassessment of the American Civil War

The "subdued, candid and reasonable exchange of views" which took place between Thomas Jefferson and John Adams in the second decade of the nineteenth century, when these two elder statesmen examined the capacity of the American union to endure, gave place in due time to the harsh realities of civil war. It was no longer possible "to conjure down this damnable rivalry between Virginia and Massachusetts." And so the war between the states came to pass, between the aristocratic planter society of the old South and the democratic and commercial civilisation of the North. In CAVALIER AND YANKEE (W. H. Allen. 35s.) William R. Taylor, Assistant Professor of History at Harvard, looks at this picture of "a house divided," the development of the legend of north and south. He reveals indeed what a very artificial division it really was; for men in the south traded, speculated and sought profits like their confrères in the north; they lived in towns and cities and voted for the same national parties. By 1860, says Mr. Taylor, America had become self-divided, and so the stage was set for the final showdown on the field of battle. This is a mature, forthright and well-developed view of history. Perhaps meant more for American readers than British, it is nevertheless a piece of well-documented soul-searching by an accomplished and discerning historian.

Dr. Frederick Barnardo, nephew of the celebrated founder of the Barnardo Homes, certainly has a wonderful tale to tell of his early years in India and of his adventures in many parts of the world. AN ACTIVE LIFE (The Bodley Head. 25s.) is a first-class piece of autobiography, and what a spine-chilling thrill there is in the opening pages where the author describes a journey into Delhi in 1903, when on the way to attend Curzon's Durbar. On that evening, 46 years after the event had actually taken place, Barnardo saw enacted the murder of four Rajput princes by Hodson of Hodson's Horse. The executions were carried out by Hodson himself, using a trooper's carbine, and when this psychic phenomenon appeared to the young doctor he saw it in detail that he was later able to confirm from the records. Dr. Barnardo has a gift for anecdote, and obviously a deep love of India. Many of his tales are of the humble folk among whom he worked, like the 6,000-strong Chinese community of Calcutta; but of the great men with whom he rubbed shoulders Rufus Isaacs is in his eyes the greatest, for this London-born Viceroy truly understood "the whisperings of the vast sub-continent, the heart of the Indian people."

John Laffin, an Australian, has, greatly daring, written an appreciation of the Scottish soldier which, as he admits, has had to be strictly selective. At any rate the reader will find it hard to accuse him of bias as he deals alike with Highlander and Lowlander, the regulars, the territorials and the yeomanry. SCOTLAND THE BRAVE (Cassell. 30s.) is a fine tribute.

A visit to the Kremlin is as much a must for Muscovites as is a visit to the Tower for Londoners. The Kremlin is an architectural gem, the very centrepiece of Moscow, round which the city has grown through the centuries. The domes and minarets, gold and parti-coloured, round and twisted, gay and glittering, are breathtaking in their beauty, but so also is the great hoard of treasure within. This glittering array is presented in a volume edited by the Russian academician B. A. Rybakov. TREASURES IN THE KREMLIN (Paul Hamlyn. 35s.) shows in its 124 photographs in colour the contents of the armoury, one of the oldest museums in Europe. Here we can see centuries of Russian history, starting with the spoils brought home from Byzantium. It is significant, that these trophies should so move the Russian heart, not only for their beauty but because they reflect the sombre glories of Imperial Russian history.

From the same publishers, Paul Hamlyn, come two new titles in the *Spring Art Book* series, both published at 15s. MODERN ART MOVEMENTS has been compiled by Trewin Copplestone, and contains 54 paintings in full colour. LAUTREC, by Denys Sutton, is equally lavish in presentation, giving an excellent cross-section of the work of this painter of the fleeting moment who became so identified with the night life of Paris.

THE STORY OF WEDGWOOD (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.) is a short history of the celebrated pottery, compiled by Alison Kelly, in association with the firm of Josiah Wedgwood. Some excellent illustrations in half tone and colour adorn the text.

Richard Edmonds

already behind it. Alexander Solzhenitsyn first had the story published in an issue of the literary magazine *Novy Mir*, which sold out immediately. The author served throughout the war in the Red Army until, in 1945, he was condemned to eight years' imprisonment in Arctic labour camps on the charge of having made remarks derogatory to Stalin. His principal character, Shukhov, is in like case, although his term adds up to ten years and the book is devoted, with great dramatic effect, to an account of the way in which he survives just one day of the 3,650-odd.

LIKE A RIVER OF LIONS (Cassell. 21s.) is the title of Miss Tana de Gamez' novel about high-tension life in Spain, New York, North Africa and Switzerland, and about the love between a young Spaniard, whose girl has been shot by the Spanish Nationalists, and a Spanish Jewess, whose father's death in the Warsaw ghetto has impelled her to dedicate her life to the Jewish struggle in Palestine. New York, for the most part, is the scene of their fiery encounters, and Miss de Gamez writes from her own knowledge of the city and her own understanding of its heterogeneous cultures. Vividly written, with more feeling than style, but unmistakably sincere.

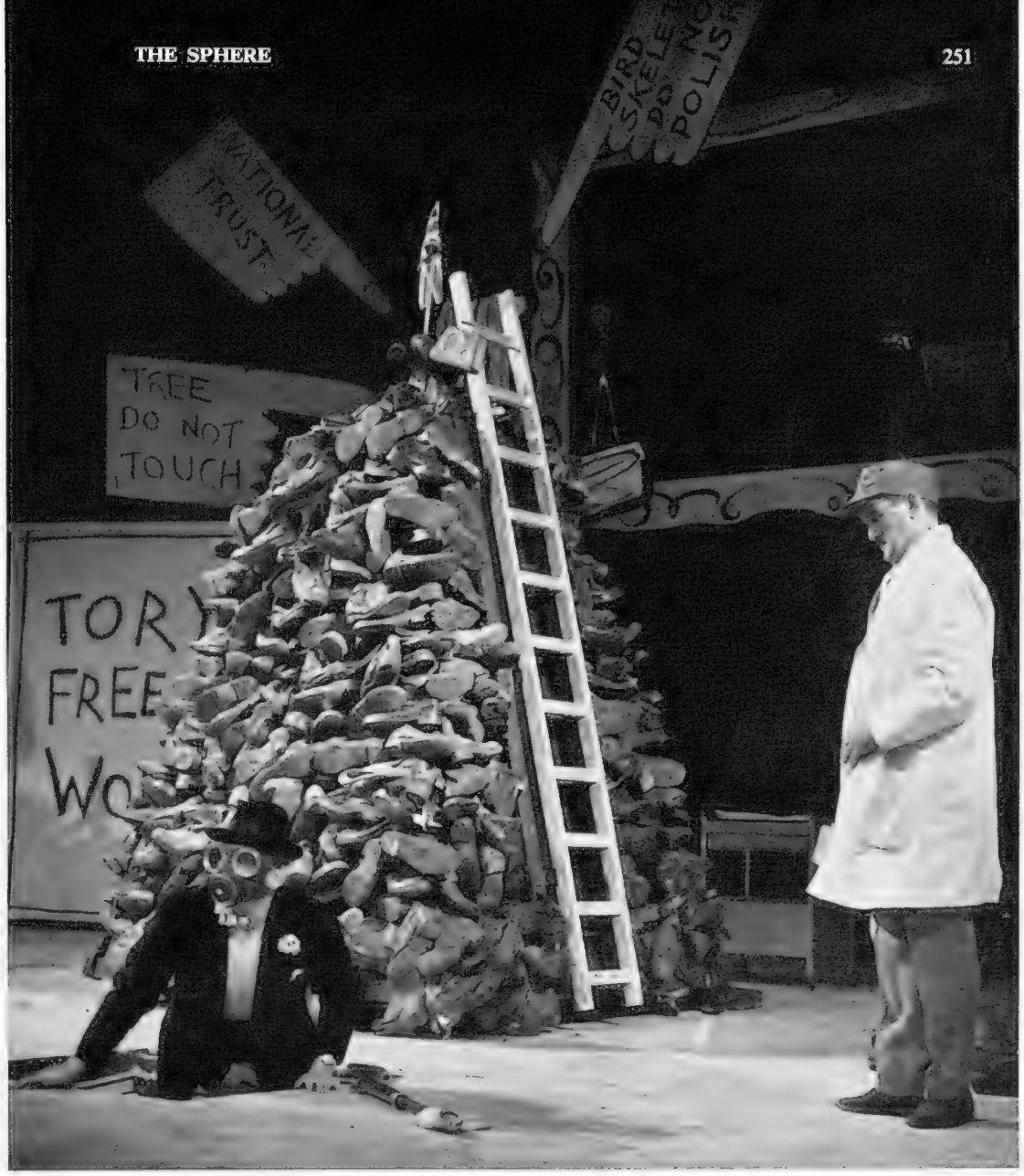
Mr. Brian Glanville's volume of short stories, THE DIRECTOR'S WIFE (Secker and Warburg. 18s.), is mostly concerned with the world of professional football, but as a background rather than a theme. With his remarkably observant eye for behaviour and ear for speech, he has produced a series of tales which can—as I have proved—be enjoyed by a reader who scarcely knows a goalpost from a referee. The title story gives a surprising glimpse of what life in a non-League club may be, but possibly rarely is, and at least two of the others, *An Enemy* and *A Match on Christmas Morning*, have real attack and crispness. Natural dialogue is Mr. Glanville's strong point, and film-makers might be well advised to remember him in this connection.

The eight short stories in Mr. Stefan Heym's SHADOWS AND LIGHTS (Cassell. 18s.) were written during the years immediately before the building of the Berlin Wall, when illicit trading between the eastern sector and the western was still a common practice. East-West relations were strained then and defections many and unremarkable in local opinion. But they still had their dramas and their dangers, as well as their pathos, and it is of these aspects of German life in our own times that Mr. Heym writes with so much compassion and such direct simplicity.

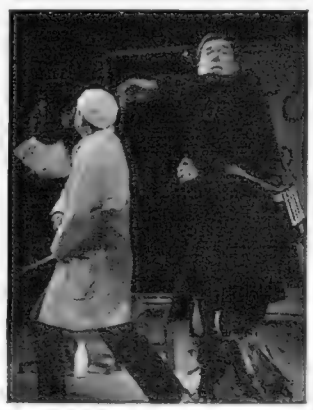
Mr. Rex Warner has written a fictional autobiography of Julius Caesar which, rightly, had a very great success. Now he follows it with an equally imaginative biography of the great Pericles, as it might have been written by his life-long friend, the philosopher Anaxagoras, and amazingly interesting, even absorbing, it is. There is a cool detachment about Mr. Warner's approach to the subject as there is a cool elegance in his writing style. Both seem appropriate to a discussion of the man who, as the author writes, had "a general force of intelligence pervading his nature, powerful in so many directions at once, pure, unmixed with the sordid, extending beyond the moment, irresistible." Such was PERICLES THE ATHENIAN (Collins. 18s.).

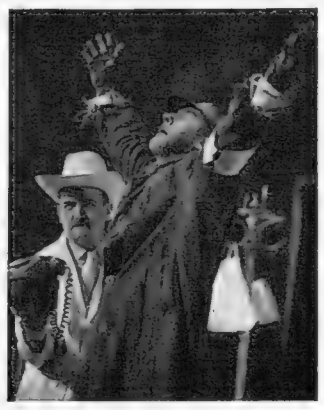
Mr. Philip McCutchan's hero, Commander Shaw, may not actually wear a cloak or heft a dagger, but in every other respect he is in the true and stalwart tradition of the be-cloaked, be-daggered boys. THE MAN FROM MOSCOW (Harrap. 16s.) is the tale of his latest adventures which take the intrepid Shaw to the Soviet Union and, I am happy to tell you, bring him back alive.

Vernon Fane



The Shelter Man (John Bluthal) reappears after the Bomb has fallen. Right is Bules (Graham Stark)





Lord Fortnum (Valentine Dyall). **Right:** Mate (Spike Milligan). **Below:** Mate at the wedding night of Bules and Penelope (Marjie Lawrence)

THE BED-SITTING ROOM

at the Mermaid Theatre

Spike Milligan and John Antrobus's frenetic fantasy of Britain devastated by nuclear war is a stage descendent of the Goon Shows. It is now in the middle of a successful season at the Mermaid from which, it is reported, it will be transferred to the West End, probably in March.

Photographs by Reg Wilson

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

John Lawson

The Chairman of Spark Holdings, Ltd., Mr. Lawson has been photographed standing on the balcony of his office overlooking St. James's, in London. In less than three years, since he became full-time Chairman, he has transformed a small firm making lighter flints into a substantial and still expanding industrial organisation with interests covering engineering, metallurgy, textiles, timber and printing. In the process the company's earnings have increased tenfold. Born in 1913, John Lawson was educated at the Grocers Company's School in London and qualified as a solicitor at the early age of 22. He practised for more than 20 years during which time, in 1953, he joined the Board of Spark Holdings, Ltd., as Chairman and legal adviser. It was not until 1960, however, that he decided to give up his practice and spend all his considerable energy on the company. Married, Mr. Lawson lives in Hampstead, London, and has three children—his eldest son is being groomed to take over his father's legal practice and his youngest son works at one of his father's factories. Mr. Lawson is a very early riser—he has been known to arrive on chairman's visits to some of the organisation's factories in the Midlands or North before eight in the morning. His hobbies are golf and collecting paintings

EXPERIMENTS IN PAY-TV

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Would you still look at television programmes as much if you did not get them (seemingly) free? Commercially, as well as sociologically, this is a fairly intriguing question. The cinema business, in all countries where television ownership has spread to a mass audience, has always argued bitterly that the utterly different ways of buying one's visual information and entertainment involved in these two "mass media" load the dice hopelessly in favour of television. You pay much more at the outset—or over an instalment period—for television. But the very fact that you have paid quite heavily for the set makes you inclined to use it; and even the yearly licence fee, which once again is an unavoidable payment unrelated to use of the set, may have a tendency to make you switch it on since it's paid for anyway. Add that to the convenience of not having to go out for your entertainment, and the film at the cinema round the corner has a large handicap to surmount from the beginning. You don't know whether you'll like *Panorama* or *The Rag Trade* this time; but then you don't know that about the latest product of Hollywood or Cinécitta either.

Some sociologists and businessmen have argued for years, almost in moral terms, that one ought to bring to the indoor screen too the chance to discriminate commercially between television programmes at the time they are presented, paying to see the ones you want and not bothering about the others. The Pilkington Committee last year, after its long look at British television, dismissed "Pay-TV," as this is now generally called, rather sniffily. The Government, which disagreed with that committee over so many things, did about Pay-TV too. Hence the fact that we are just about to give some companies formed for the purpose the chance to sell television entertainment in this way as an experiment, in a number of selected areas in England.

It has been left to the Post Office to decide how many areas these experiments should be mounted in: the technique indicated is partly a matter of convenience, but the conditions attached are fairly severe. For convenience, it has been decided that Pay-TV experiments should be allowed only over "wired wireless" circuits—i.e., relay services in which the set, normally hired to the subscriber, is a simple receiver taking the programmes by landline from a central station relaying (up to now) the normal BBC and ITV programmes. To maintain the competitive conditions required to show whether there will be a genuine demand for Pay-TV, these services will have to make available to each set BBC and ITV services as well (plus the second channel already allotted to the BBC).

Wired relay services of this kind have existed for years in a number of areas in Britain; and as the promoters of Pay-TV will have to pay all the extra costs concerned, though transmitting generally over GPO cables, they are likely to plump for these areas already wired. Inevitably, the groups already operating relay services for radio or television have taken an interest in the new form of television: British Relay Wireless and Television is in the field, and Rediffusion is joint owner of one of the other contending companies.

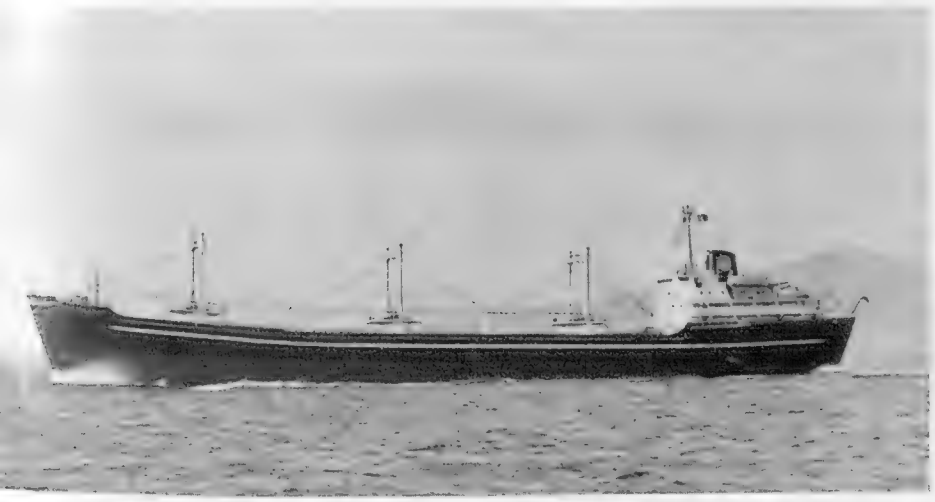
It is also natural that while many film trade interests opposed Pay-TV, as yet another way of keeping the potential customer in the sitting-room armchair instead of the two-and-threepennies, others hedged their bets by taking a financial interest in it. Both the Rank Organisation and the British Lion film distributing group are participants in Pay-TV groups, seeking a chance to participate in the experiments.

The positive argument for this form of television has always been that it should be able to afford to pay more for the kind of programmes that its patrons prefer than television systems of the BBC or ITV types, which have to spread their budget over a daily programme period of several hours and a wide range of kinds of programme. This possibility could mean, as advocates of the system have argued, that Pay-TV could afford to put on minority programmes that would not have a wide general appeal. At the other extreme, as the Pilkington committee was inclined to think, it might simply push the costs of all television production up by outbidding the existing networks for already popular programmes or performers.

The companies now practically interested in the forthcoming experiments—such as British Relay Wireless and Television, Choiceview (owned by Rediffusion and Rank), British Telemeter Home Viewing, and Payvision—may have to take a middle road between these theoretical possibilities. They will have a fairly heavy outlay to cover, particularly in the initial years of building up any system, with no certainty whatever that they will be allowed to carry on even if their particular system turns out to be profitable. The sample of viewers whom they will be able to persuade to subscribe will be localised. By definition it will be composed of viewers who can afford to consider paying for entertainment in their home when they can get a large selection there without paying. But one can hardly assume that in any given area this selection from that income category will all have any particular set of "minority tastes." So any offer of specialised programmes—e.g., with some kind of "Third Programme" appeal, ballet or opera, particular kinds of sport, for example—might attract only a limited section of the selection that the company is wired up to already. Whether companies operating on a small but fairly expensive scale could afford to cater for minorities within their own small samples seems rather doubtful.

What they may have to concentrate on is the best performers available, perhaps longer performances than usual of really good quality, and what are called in the film business "production values." These are the variety of scene, the elaborate filling-in of background to a story, and the visual excitement which good cinema can achieve far more effectively than television production normally can—but which also, to some degree, depend on the sheer size of the cinema screen (and of late increasingly upon colour). Nevertheless, anyone who has encountered some of the more elaborate productions put on on American television—where the eventual audience is bigger and richer, and the money that companies can pay for networked programmes, on occasion, out of European television's reach—can appreciate that certain kinds of elaborate show might be able to maintain a cachet that ordinary BBC or ITV programmes cannot.

Their conditions of operation, plans and costs are as yet only known in outline; and the financial risk for these companies may be quite considerable, since they have no assurance that Pay-TV will be considered nationally successful or that their individual investment in the forthcoming trials will ensure them an eventual licence even if the system is finally approved. These companies' commercial experiment, however, will provide some evidence whether the shift "from transactions to services," which is so general a development in higher standards of living nowadays, is readily reversible. Pay-TV, admittedly, will generally operate as a service; you will have your choices to view during the month recorded and a bill sent in later, rather than dropping a coin or a token into a slot. Nevertheless, the competition between something for which you pay only as an initial investment with an annual licence fee and the same kind of entertainment paid for only when you care to purchase it—with the liberty, but also the risk and bore, of backing your choice—will be fascinating to watch.



The M.V. *Belisland*, a 15,500-ton deadweight single screw bulk carrier, built by Harland and Wolff at their Govan Shipyard, Glasgow. She was recently handed over to her owners, Belships Co. Ltd. Skibs A/s of Oslo

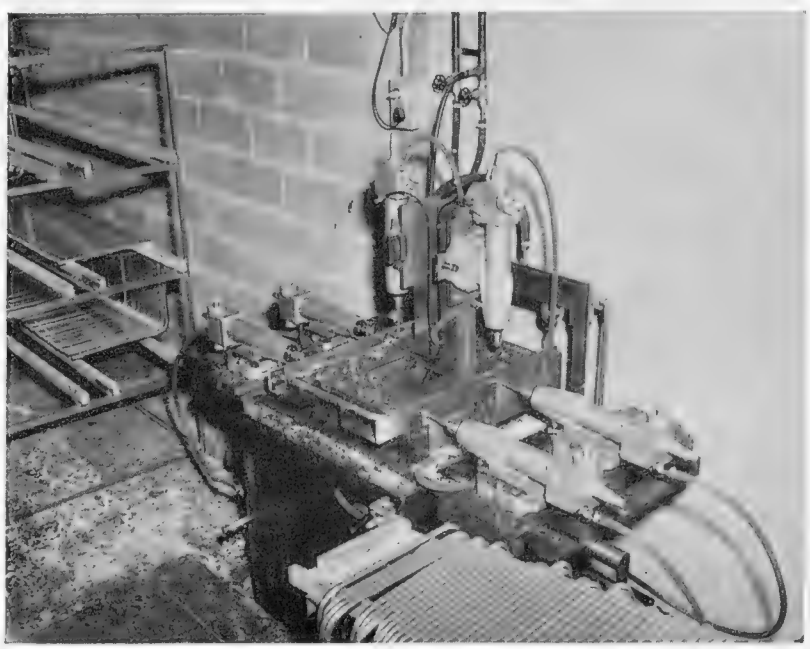
Also recently handed over to her owners, The Bristol City Line of Steamships Ltd. of Bristol, was the new 8,300-ton deadweight passenger cargo liner *Montreal City*. She was built by The Burntisland Shipbuilding Co. Ltd.

Looking at a Suffolk motor mower on the Qualcast stand at the International Hardware Trades Fair are, from left, Mr. B. Stanley, Export Sales Manager of Qualcast; Mr. P. O'Brien, President of the Hardware and Allied Trades Association of Ireland; M. Rene Cottard, of "La Quincallerie Moderne" of Paris; and M. Michel Oger, of "La Quincallerie de France," Paris. **Right:** Sir William Carron (right), the President of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, and his wife examine one of the exhibits

On the G.K.N. Screws and Fasteners Ltd. (Birmingham) stand are, from left, Lord Kilmarnock, President of the London Chamber of Commerce; the Lord and Lady Mayoress of Birmingham, Alderman E. Horton and Mrs. Horton; and the Master Cutler, Mr. S. M. de Bartolome. Over 300 firms from all over the world participated in the Trade Fair, held at Olympia, London, last week. It included for the first time hardware from Russia and China. Many new products were on show

Beakers moulded in Melmex melamine, which were on show on the B.I.P. Gaydon Ltd. stand, are moulded four at a time in hydraulic compression presses by the Streetly Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

HARDWARE AT OLYMPIA



A special purpose machine "sets" and "curves" the backrest sections of the Caribbean range of chairs made by Baldwin Tubular Furniture Ltd. **Right:** Another special purpose machine used is a multiple drilling rig. Several new chair designs were shown by the firm at the Trade Fair

"Come off it...

... vote? Black people in South Africa vote? You're joking."

"I'm not, you know. Already it seems that one of the Black nations of South Africa will actually vote for their own parliament this year."

"Surely not! Surely South African policy specifically denies the Coloured man the vote. Didn't Verwoerd decide that Coloured people will never have a say in running the country."

"Not running the whole country, no. But then the Black people can only lay claim to a part of the country, you know. In the same way, only part of the country belongs to the Whites."

"That may be so, but surely all these people must live together without this separation business. After all, we don't give Coloured people a separate parliament. Why should South Africa?"

"But their situation is hardly the same as ours, old fellow. For one thing, there are a number of different nations out there. Six or seven Black nations alone, each with its own language and culture. Over here, the small number of Coloured immigrants can be absorbed into a society that is overwhelmingly White. Hardly an analogy, is it?"

"Maybe. But what about the rest of Africa. There, I believe, Black and White are either forced to live together or are making an effort to do so. And they certainly don't have separate parliaments as in South Africa."

"Perhaps not. But are they parliament as we know it? Some of them are hardly Westminsters, you know—no opposition for one thing. Some temporary settlers may put up with this sort of thing for a while. To expect a large permanent White nation to do the same is a different matter."

"You mean, the South Africans knew this all along and, therefore, decided to give the Bantu their own institutions which they could change according to their needs."

"Well, that is the lesson they have learnt from Africa."

For further facts write to: The Department of Information,

SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Joncar

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

LINKS WITH EUROPE

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

The City has been drawing one consolation from the breakdown of the Common Market negotiations at Brussels—that if Britain is kept out of Europe, then Britain's industry is already well established there. Many of Britain's leading companies have long-standing links with the Continent, while many more have been building up connections over the past few years. Direct expansion into Europe clearly made sense if, as has happened, Britain stayed out of the Six and it would also have been useful, by providing direct access to a large market, if Britain had joined.

Two of the most important of British industry's links with Europe involve this country's largest companies—Shell and Unilever. Shell's business throughout the world, as the second largest oil concern outside the Soviet bloc, is controlled 40 per cent by British and 60 per cent by Dutch interests, by Shell Transport and Royal Dutch-Shell. This 40-60 ratio applies to all companies in the group, which now includes petrochemicals and Shell Oil of the United States along with important oil production interests in South America and the Middle East. British influence on Shell is more important than a 40 per cent interest might suggest. For example, Shell ranks as a sterling group, and as Shell's cash assets alone are now approaching £500,000,000, this status is a useful benefit for Britain. No details have been published about the precise extent of Shell's stake in Europe, but this is clearly large. Reporting for 1961 the Shell directors revealed that Europe and the eastern hemisphere represented more than 60 per cent of total assets—equivalent to £1,390 million out of more than £2,000 million.

The Anglo-Dutch link in Shell dates back to the early years of this century. A rather more recent, and equally important link, is that between British and Dutch Unilever. This is the association between Unilever Limited of Britain and Unilever N.V. of Holland. By contrast with the 40-60 split in Shell, this is a strict partnership of equals for instance, with elaborate rules to ensure the similarity of dividend payments. Unilever's business, in both Britain and Europe, is based on margarine, oils and fats coupled with detergents and toilet products. The spread of Unilever's business corresponds closely to Shell's with just over 60 per cent of Unilever's turnover in Europe during 1961—or more than £1,000 million out of nearly £2,000 million. But by contrast with Shell, a greater part of Unilever's business is in Africa (notably tropical produce and merchandise handled by the United Africa Company) and a rather smaller proportion in the United States—though Unilever may well expand their American business over the next few years.

Many British companies have seen the benefit that Shell and Unilever have drawn from their European links. Some large groups such as Courtaulds have been expanding existing but relatively small interests—in this case, two factories in France. But easily the most important move into Europe has been the decision by Imperial Chemical Industries to establish what will eventually be a £100,000,000 complex on a 300-acre site at Rotterdam. This large new project will produce petrochemicals including plastics and their derivatives and will be served by four nearby oil refineries which will supply the raw materials.

Rather smaller in actual size, but equally important for the companies concerned, are the European interests recently established by motor component manufacturers. Recognising the potential for car sales in Europe (which British makers will now presumably have to supply over a tariff barrier) Joseph Lucas have bought a two-fifths interest in Ducellier, the largest manufacturers in France of electrical equipment for motor vehicles.

While industry has been moving into Europe, the City has not fallen behind. Several merchant banks have formed links with their opposite numbers on the Continent and a number of European shares have been quoted in the City. But the most interesting moves for investors have been the formation of investment trusts designed to buy shares in Europe, a marked change from British investors' former preference for United States and Canadian shares. M. Samuel, the old-established City merchant bankers, formed the New European and General Trust whose assets now exceed £6,000,000. The well-known house of Rothschild has sponsored the Eurunion fund to invest in Europe.

Buying shares in one of these trusts is a useful way of taking an interest in Europe's prosperity, but the trust shares suffer from the drawback of low yields—reflecting the slender returns offered by leading European shares. New European and General ordinaries, for example, offer as little as 1½ per cent. While these shares will appeal to people concerned with safety and long-term growth, most investors will prefer one of the British-based companies which have been investing or are already invested in Europe. Here, the outstanding choice is Unilever, whose 5s. shares now stand well below the levels reached when they were marketed in Wall Street, and can now be bought for around 40s. to yield 3 per cent.

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MOTORING

GRADED DRIVING LICENCES?

Snow clearance on the trunk roads

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Britain's need for a two-tier driving test structure—few will deny that some form of compulsory advanced test is called for—is one of the hottest of Mr. Marples's hot potatoes. The proliferation of relatively inexpensive 100 m.p.h. cars and the national road accident figures point with growing urgency to the inadequacy of the existing Ministry of Transport test, success in which gives even the most irresponsible and adventurous teenagers the right to drive the fastest cars they—or their parents—can afford.

I believe that the Transport Minister is personally convinced of the desirability of what might be termed graded licences and that the big reason he has not done much about them is the man-power problem. There are far too few examiners to cope properly even with the present simple test. When I last checked at St. Christoper House there was a backlog—inflated by the severe weather—of 309,000 L-drivers waiting to take their tests. The Ministry is recruiting another 100 examiners to bring the total test force to 1,252 but it is difficult to find the right type of men for the job; so difficult, in fact, that during 1962, out of a total of 6,000 applications received for 180 vacancies, only 110 were suitable.

This shortage of potential examiners will, I am sure, be the basis of much of the criticism which is likely to be levelled against the Motor Schools Association's revolutionary driving licence and driving test proposals when they are discussed during the coming weekend at a national conference in London.

Generally speaking, British motorists appreciate the way in which the country's main roads were kept clear of snow and ice during the recent severe weather. The Ministry of Transport is directly responsible for snow clearance (as with general maintenance) on the trunk roads and motorways, though the work is usually delegated to country councils, whose officials work under the close supervision of the Ministry's nine divisional road engineers.

The Ministry claims that more than 10,000 appliances were used by a force of 30,000 men at the height of the blizzards. The equipment included 76 snow " blowers " (rotary ploughs) and big blade ploughs normally distributed among six emergency depots at Hendon (Middlesex), Mountsorrell (Leicestershire), Pocklington (Yorkshire), Middleton (near Manchester), Stoke Heath (Shropshire) and Stoke Orchard (Gloucestershire). From these strategically sited depots this heavy equipment can be quickly switched to areas where the need is greatest. Britain now has nearly 200 miles of motorways and it is to the credit of those responsible that they have never been closed by weather conditions. Ice is by far the worst enemy and elaborate arrangements exist for precautionary salting and gritting following receipt of early frost warning from the Met. Office.

Two hundred thousands of tons of rock salt were used on Britain's roads during the recent emergency and the Ministry is introducing a fleet of salt-spreading vehicles of new design which, apart from being more efficient, are much more economical. Experiments in the heating of roads at points of special danger by buried equipment resembling electric blankets again gave good results in the bad weather and the RAC, following a wide survey, are pressing the Ministry for the extended use of this effective, though expensive, method of ice prevention.

A visitor from France who rode with me in the new Vauxhall Velox would not believe, at first, that this 2,651 c.c., six-cylinder, six-seat saloon with an enormous boot and a top speed in excess of 90 m.p.h. costs only £882, including tax, and that you can get a Laycock de Normanville overdrive unit for £54 10s. extra or a Hydromatic automatic gearbox for £133. Here is a big car with dignified good looks, which is pleasant and safe to drive (with an excellent field of vision and disc brakes on the front wheels) and easy to keep in good order, with only four lubricating points and four grease-retaining rubber cups (all on the front suspension) and which need attention only at intervals of 30,000 miles.

I liked the steering, the easy action of the gearchange lever (though my own preference is always for a floor-mounted shift), the pull-up handbrake and the layout of the instruments. I felt, however, that the clutch pedal was awkwardly placed and required too much pressure. Vauxhalls go to a lot of trouble, at their Luton factory, to give their car bodies a long, corrosion-free life and each model is treated with about seven gallons of rust-preventing materials.

The new six-cylinder Velox (like the leather-upholstered, £919, Cresta, which is really a de luxe model of the Velox) is longer, wider and lower than the old range of six-cylinder Vauxhalls. There is more room inside and it is quieter. I liked the automatic choke and diaphragm-type clutch. I did most of my Velox road test in the recent bad weather. Thoughtfully fitted with snow tyres by my friends at Luton, the car gave admirable service over road surfaces which, to say the least, were quite interesting.

One of the Ministry of Transport's snowploughs at work

A four-wheel-drive Chaseside Super-Loadmaster is hard at work clearing drifted snow piled up on the A10 Cambridge Road between Ware and Puckeridge in Hertfordshire

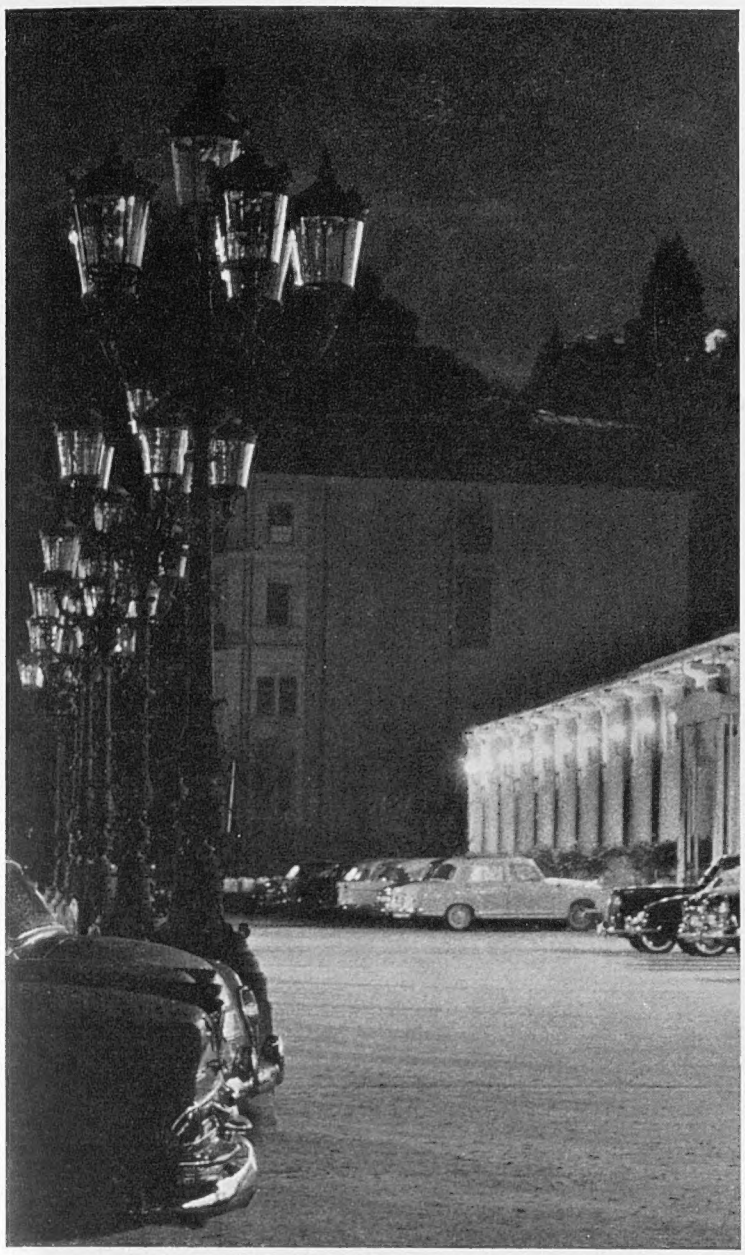
The new Vauxhall Velox six-seat saloon costs £882 inc. tax

At Fort Dunlop, Birmingham, I was privileged to watch, on an expensive underground test rig, a demonstration of the fact that at 500 m.p.h. the tubeless tyres specially designed and built for Donald Campbell's forthcoming land speed record bid can safely transmit more than 1,000 h.p. through a contact area no bigger than a size seven shoe. Dunlop technicians have not been idle since Campbell made his last, ill-fated bid. That was in 1960, on the Bonneville Salt Flats, in the turbine-engined " Bluebird " with which (in improved form) he hopes to beat the late John Cobb's 14-year-old record of 394·196 m.p.h.

During the Utah bid Campbell used tubed tyres with rubber treads only 0·4 mm. thick. They had to be that thin to prevent their being torn off by centrifugal force. Improvements in materials and manufacturing techniques have made it possible for the tubeless tyres, built for Campbell's 1963 attempt on lonely Lake Eyre, in Australia, to have treads as much as 5 mm. thick.

In fact, the 80 special Bluebird tyres now on their way to Australia offer a choice of tread thickness varying between 2 mm. and 5 mm. Campbell and his advisers will be able to select, both for his trial runs and for his actual attack on the record, the tread thickness best suited to

(*Continued on page 260*)



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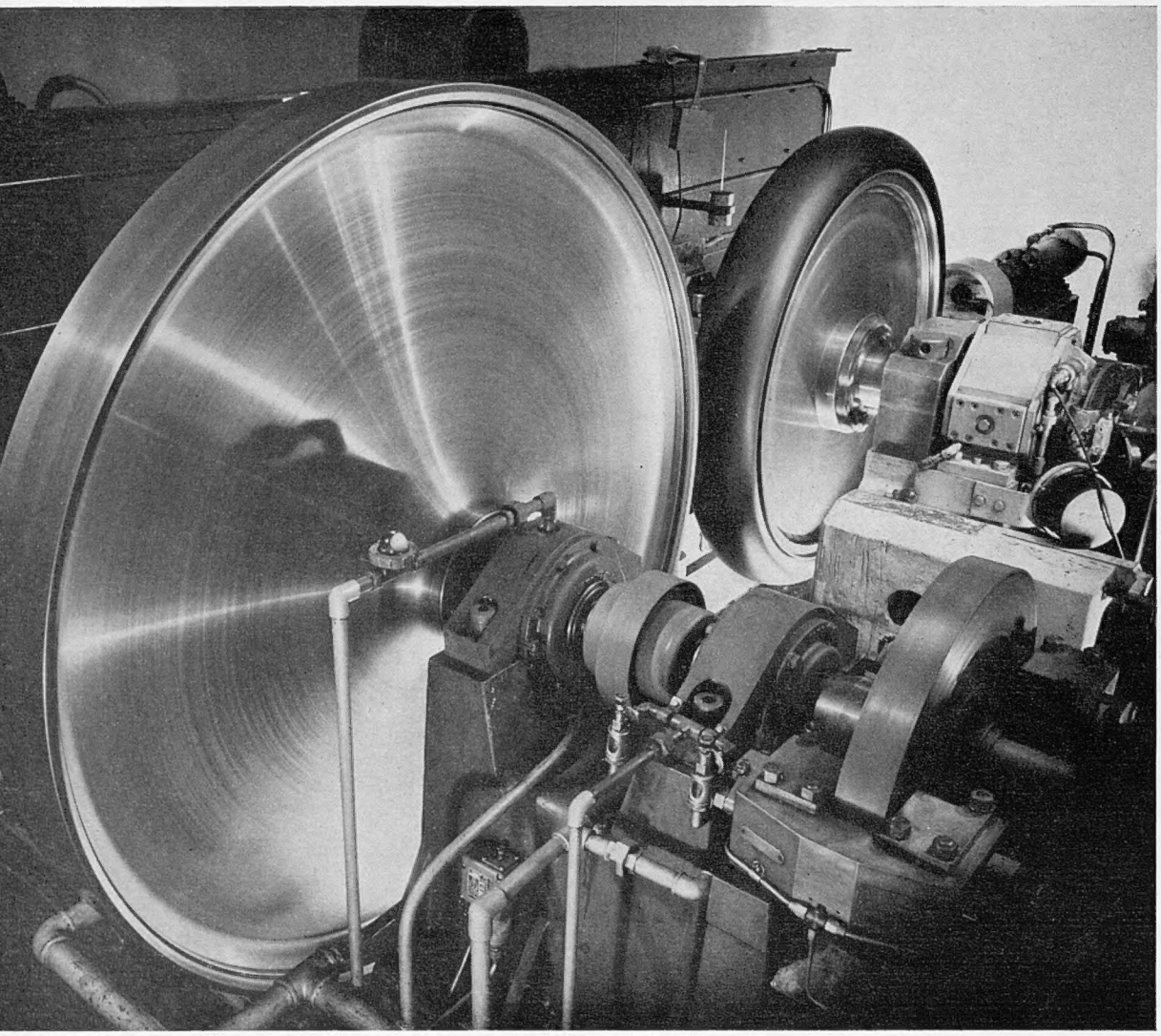

One of the special tyres for Bluebird's forthcoming attempt on the land speed record is tested at Fort Dunlop

MOTORING

(*Continued from page 258*)

the prevailing conditions. Dunlop officials told me that although Lake Eyre, with its abrasive salt-and-dust surface, will be ten times more punishing on Bluebird's treads than Bonneville, the tyres for Lake Eyre will give an even greater safety margin. In making 16 wheels for Bluebird, Dunlop have maintained a fine tradition, for they have built all the wheels for every British land speed record attempt since 1927.

Briefly. . . . The RAC recovered a record sum of more than £356,000 for motorists and motorcyclists under their accident claims service last year. . . . The British Road Federation is planning a European conference on " People and Cities " in London next September. Object: to emphasise the importance of considering all aspects of planning in the reconstruction of congested urban areas. . . . Lord Inchyra has been appointed a director of Rootes Motors Ltd. and Rootes (Scotland) Ltd. . . . The most popular British cars on the home market last year (according to an unofficial sales analysis) were the BMC Minis, Ford Anglia, Vauxhall Victor, Hillman Minx, Morris Minor and Austin A60—in that order. . . .

The Middlesex County Council is likely to begin issuing the new seven-symbol number plates for new car registrations at the end of this month. . . . Although there were nine more strikes in the British motor industry last year than in 1961 (109 against 100) they caused fewer days to be lost (359,000 against 428,000).

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

The greatest surprise of the Burgundy Gastronomic Weekend held at The Imperial, Torquay, was the weather. The superb cooking and fine wines were what we all expected. It does not reflect on their excellence that bright sunshine and balmy airs, after weeks of suffering in snow and frostbound London, made the greatest impression of all. The fortunate climate of this spot proved once more that the comparison with the deep-blue Mediterranean coast is no idle boast.

Emerging into this haven was almost like crossing a barrier. In the train when the Siberian landscape was swallowed by the night we watched solid ice forming on the inside of the windows and icicles growing several inches long from the windows' metal fittings. It all changed a few miles before arriving at Torquay, and on alighting we noticed that there was no snow and the night air was not cold. No overcoats were needed during the daytime and people could be seen taking their aperitifs before lunch on the open terrace.

Burgundy was represented on this occasion principally by two ladies. Mme. Leccia, the 'Patronne' of the Hotel de la Poste at St. Seine l'Abbaye (about 15 miles from Dijon), a charming country hotel where I enjoyed a visit not so many months ago, was responsible for the food. She brought her two chefs, who went to work in the Imperial kitchens with the fullest and friendliest co-operation of the Chef de cuisine, William True and his " brigade." The results were outstanding and every meal from Friday night to Sunday night was a fine gastronomic experience. The climax was reached at the " Diner de Gala " on Saturday night. Tortue en Tasse was followed by one of the specialities of Mme. Leccia's house, Dodine de Caneton Truffée, a rather superior galantine. The de-boned and de-meated duck was filled with a farce consisting of duck, veal, fat pork, foie gras and truffles, and roasted. Truite Gallieni, which made the fish course, was served with a smooth, creamy, but not too rich sauce flavoured with chopped sorrel. The main course, Coq au Chambertin, was as perfect as the image conjured up by its name, one of the best coq au vins I have ever tasted. The meal ended with an Omelette Norvegienne.

The wines bring me to the other lady. The well-known house of Burgundy growers and shippers, Louis Jadot of Beaune collaborated in the organisation of the weekend. Madame Jadot, who took over the chairmanship of the firm on the death of her husband last August, came over for the weekend with M. Gagey, her managing director. The wines

The tasting of Burgundies of the house of Jadot which was presented by Hatch, Mansfield and Co., during the Burgundy Gastronomic Weekend at The Imperial Hotel, Torquay

of the house of Jadot were drunk with most of the meals, and a special tasting of white and red burgundies was given on the Sunday morning between church and lunch. Of the whites at the tasting I was most enchanted by the 1960 Meursault, which had a delicate fruitiness. Among the reds I liked immensely the 1959 Musigny, a well-balanced, big wine, which, I would say, will develop into a great one. There was also a really young 1961 Beaujolais at the tasting, which was a strong recommendation for drinking such wines young. Two first-class Jadot wines were also drunk with the Diner de Gala: Puligny Montrachet 1959 and Corton 1957.

I welcomed an invitation to lunch recently in London at the old Garrick Restaurant off Leicester Square. For no special reason, but just as chance would have it, I had not been there for at least 15 years. I still remembered the attractive Edwardian decor with its mirrors, red plush seats and mural portraits of famous stage personalities. I was delighted to find that in spite of the " contemporary " improvements to the inside of the building and to the famous bar on the corner, the inside of the restaurant was exactly as I had remembered it. It was still deliciously opulent, spacious and comfortable, with obliging, old-fashioned service. The food is still good too, in a wholesome, sensible way. It is a traditional English restaurant in the best sense of the word, with a comprehensive list of wines at reasonable prices.

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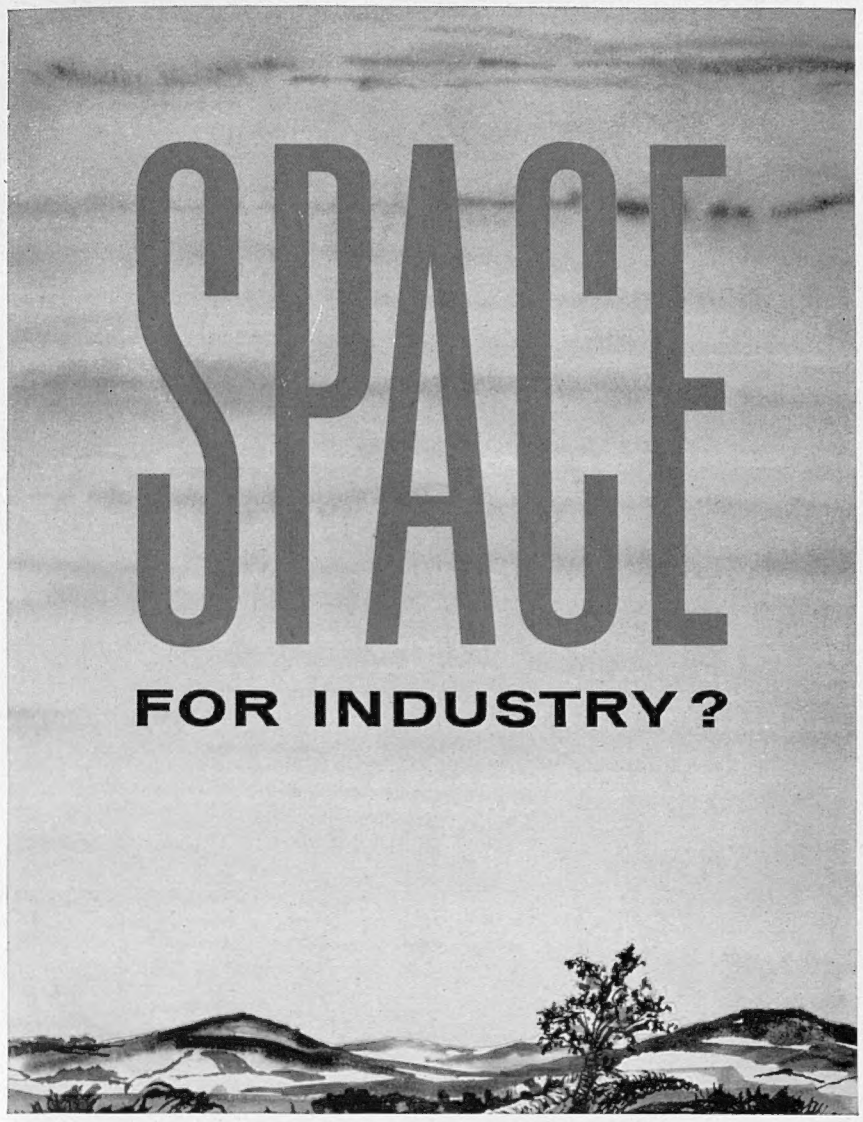

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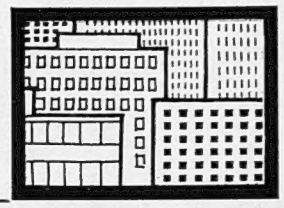

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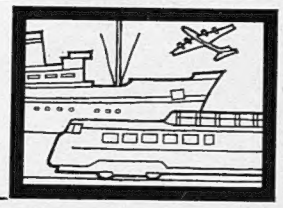

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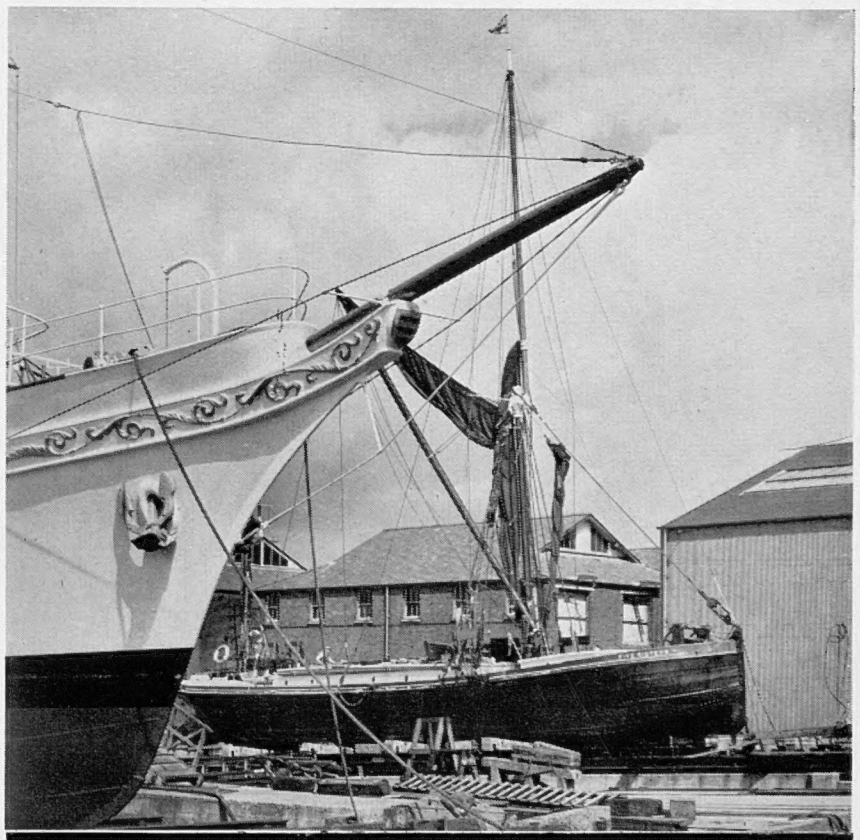

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